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Published Monthly at Salt Lake City by the General Board



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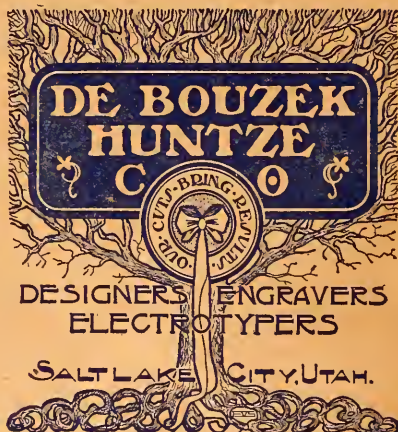
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THE PROPHET, JOSEPH SMITH

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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XIV.

DECEMBER, 1910.

No. 2

The Smith Family in Vermont.*

BY JUNIUS F. WELLS.

The sojourn of the family of Joseph Smith, the "Mormon" prophet, in the state of Vermont, was between the years 1791 and 1816.

During this period of about twenty-five years, they resided in the towns of Tunbridge, Randolph, Sharon, Royalton and Norwich, and for about a year in Lebanon, N. H.

The family came from Ipswich and Topsfield, Essex county, Mass., where its ancestors were original settlers.

The prophet's ancestry is briefly given, back to the first American progenitor, as follows:

He was the fourth child and third son of Joseph Smith, born July 12, 1771, Topsfield, Mass., and Lucy Mack; married January 24, 1796, at Tunbridge, Vt.

He was the third child and second son of Asael Smith, born Mch. 8, 1744, Topsfield, Mass., and Mary Duty; married February 12, 1767.

He was the fifth child and second son of Samuel Smith, born 26th January, 1714, Topsfield, Mass., and Priscilla Gould; married 1734.

* Written at the request of the compilers of a genealogical history of the town of Royalton, Vermont, which is about to be published.—
J. F. W.

He was the third child and first son of Samuel Smith, born Topsfield, Mass., 26 January, 1666, and Rebecca Curtis; married January 25, 1707.

He was the son of Robert and Mary Smith, who came from Essex county, England, in 1635.

In the maternal line, Joseph Smith was descended from a Scotch family; the first known American was:

Ebenezer Mack, who resided at Lyme, Ct., and died 1777. His wife, Hannah Gates, died 1796. Their son, Solomon Mack, born at Lyme, Ct., 26 September, 1735, died 23 August, 1820. Married 1759, Lydia Gates, daughter of Nathan Gates, born 3 September, 1735. Lucy their daughter, was born 8 July, 1775, married 24 January, 1796, to Joseph Smith.

Their children were

1. Alvin, born Tunbridge, Feb. 11, 1797, died 19 Nov., 1824.
2. Hyrum, born Tunbridge, Feb. 9, 1800, killed Carthage, Ill., 27 June, 1844.
3. Sophronia, born Tunbridge, May 16, 1803.
4. Joseph, born Sharon, Dec. 23, 1805, killed 27 June, 1844, at Carthage, Ill.
5. Samuel H., born Tunbridge, Mar. 13, 1808, died July 30, 1844.
6. Ephraim, born Royalton, Mar. 13, 1810, died Mar. 24, 1810.
7. William, born Royalton, Mar. 13, 1811.
8. Catherine, born Lebanon, July 28, 1812, died Feb'y 1, 1900.
9. Don Carlos, born New York State, Mch. 25, 1816, died Aug. 7, 1841.
10. Lucy, born New York State, July 18, 1821.

Asael Smith, with his family, came up from Ipswich, Mass., in 1791, and settled in South Tunbridge, where he bought one of the gore farms, to which was later added two or three others. The site of this homestead, which Asael and his sons cleared, is the farm now owned and which, for many years past, has been owned and occupied by Mr. John F. Bennett.

They appear to have been pioneers in this part of Tunbridge, lying on the North Royalton boundary, and this locality was known as the Smith settlement. It was set off as school district No. 13, and Jesse Smith was appointed trustee.

Asael Smith was a man of ability. He had served a full term as a soldier of the Revolution. He had held offices of trust in Ipswich and Topsfield, Mass., before emigrating to Vermont; and



HEARTHSTONE AT THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.
Portraits of the Prophet Joseph, his mother, Lucy, and his brother, Hyrum Smith.

he was chosen to almost every office, except town clerk, in the town of Tunbridge, while he lived there. He was selectman, moderator, grand juror, surveyor of highways; member of the building committee, trustee and pew-holder of the church; and moderator of the meeting that in 1798 formed one of the earliest, if not the first, Universalist society in the state.

In 1796 his son, Joseph, married Lucy Mack, daughter of Solomon Mack, of Gilham, N. H. These were the parents of the prophet. They occupied the first clearing of the farm, working it on shares, while the father and the remaining sons broke up the remainder. They were successful farmers, and in 1802 they took their savings, and some means that had been given Lucy as her marriage portion, and opened a little store at Randolph. The goods purchased at Boston appear to have been sold mostly for ginseng root, which was shipped to China and sold by a partner in the transaction, who proved to be dishonest, making no returns for the cargo. This disaster to their fortunes compelled a return to their farm life, and later Joseph rented the farm owned by his wife's father in Sharon, moving on to it in the fall of 1804, or the spring of 1805.

This farm, which was mostly in the town of Sharon, also comprised a tract of several acres lying between the two lines of Sharon, along Ebenezer Dewey's, in Royalton; and here was located the homestead and part of the orchard, reaching over the line into Royalton. This is where their fourth child, Joseph, was born, on December 23, 1805.

They prospered while living on this farm, for about three years, when the family moved to Tunbridge for a short time, and thence to a farm in Royalton, which they occupied for three years.

During this period, Joseph senior worked on the farm summers and taught school part of the time winters. His son Joseph attended the school on Dewey hill, and was taught his letters by Deacon Jonathan Kinney, the schoolmaster there.

The family moved to Lebanon, N. H., in 1811, and remained there until late the following year, when they rented a farm from Squire Murdock, in the town of Norwich, about two miles north of the village on the old turnpike road. Here they remained

for three years, and in the spring of 1815 took their final leave of the state and moved to Palmyra, New York. On the way, they stopped at Royalton, where the prophet's mother parted forever with her mother, Lydia Gates, widow of Solomon Mack. She remained at the home of her son, Daniel Mack, in Royalton, where she died in 1817.

It was not until 1820, about five years after the family left the state of Vermont, that Joseph Smith came into the public notice, by announcing that he had seen a vision of the Father and the Son, and had been called by them to the labor that proved to be his life work, namely, the establishment of the Church and organization which has come to be known over the whole world as the "Mormon" Church. It is not appropriate in these pages to trace the growth of this Church, but to mention it, as through it the old homestead of his parents and birthplace of the prophet has recently come into great prominence, and attracted attention of the world to the towns of Royalton and Sharon; whose history would not be complete without allusion to the celebration of the prophet's one hundredth anniversary, at his birthplace, December 23, 1905.

In May of that year, Mr. Junius F. Wells, of Salt Lake City, Utah, purchased the old farm, for the Church, of which he is a member and representative, and began the work of erecting a monument and memorial in honor of the prophet who was its founder. This was completed, so far as the raising of the monument went, and the dedication occurred on December 23, 1905. A company of leading officials of the "Mormon" people came from Utah for the purpose, there being over fifty present, and their President, Joseph F. Smith, son of Hyrum, and nephew of the prophet, offered the dedicatory prayer. There were six or seven hundred people present from all parts of the state.

The work of completing the Memorial Cottage and beautifying the surrounding grounds was left with Mr. Wells, who continues to spend a part of each year there, and under whose direction a very beautiful place is being made, to which thousands of visitors are attracted annually.

Within the Memorial Cottage are being assembled the portraits of the Smith family, and those associated with them in their



THE JOSEPH SMITH MEMORIAL MONUMENT, SHARON, VERMONT.

lifetime, also pictures showing the places of residence from Essex, England, in 1635, to Carthage, Illinois, in 1844.

Chief among these portraits is a group of three, comprising Joseph the Prophet, his mother, Lucy Mack Smith, and his brother Hyrum. These are beautifully painted in oil, on wood panels, and adorn the mantelpiece, which has been built over the old hearthstone that has been preserved, and occupies in the new cottage the precise place that it did in the old home where the prophet was born. We present a picture of this, and of the monument which is described as follows:

Description of the Joseph Smith Monument.

The monument is of dark Barre granite. It rests upon a concrete foundation fourteen feet square and seven feet deep. The first base is twelve feet square, twenty inches thick, and weighs about nineteen tons. The second base is nine feet square, two feet thick and weighs about thirteen tons. The inscription die is six feet square, six feet two inches high, and weighs about twenty tons. The capstone is seven feet four inches square, two and a half feet thick and weighs about ten tons. The shaft is four feet square at the base, three feet at the top, is thirty-eight and a half feet long (a foot for each year of the prophet's life) and weighs about forty tons.

The total height of the monument is about fifty-one feet and weighs about one hundred tons, the whole being beautifully polished.

The Inscription.

Around the capstone is the following verse from the New Testament. It was reading this verse that led Joseph Smith to seek the Lord in oral prayer. In response, he received his first vision:

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.
—James 1: 5.

Upon the front of the inscription die:

Sacred to the memory of Joseph Smith, the Prophet, Born here 23rd December, 1805. Martyred, Carthage, Illinois, 27th June, 1844.

Upon the opposite side of the inscription die:

Testimony of Joseph Smith.

In the spring of the year of our Lord, 1820, the Father and the Son appeared to him in a glorious vision, called him by name and instructed him.

Thereafter heavenly angels visited him and revealed the principles of the Gospel, restored the authority of the Holy Priesthood, and the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ in its fulness and perfection.

The engraved plates of the Book of Mormon were given him by the angel Moroni. These he translated by the gift and power of God.

He organized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the sixth day of April, 1830, with six members.

He devoted his life to the establishment of this Church, and sealed his testimony with his blood.

In his ministry he was constantly supported by his brother Hyrum Smith, who suffered martyrdom with him.

Over a million converts to this testimony have been made throughout the world; and this monument has been erected in his honor, to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, by members of the Church which he organized.

They love and revere him as a Prophet of God; and call his name blessed for ever and ever. Amen.

Christmas Hymn.

(For the Improvement Era.)

My heart is full of thanks and love
For Him who dwells in heav'n above;
He sent his Son to Calvary,
To suffer, bleed and die for me.

Therefore, my soul shall ever sing
All hail to him, my God and King,
Who found me in the darkest night,
And sent to me the gospel light.

O Father dear, I ask of thee
No blessing to withhold from me;
And may I ever faithful prove
To sing the praises of thy love.

NIELS HANSEN.

The Morning of the Restoration.

BY B. H. ROBERTS.

[A second edition of the first volume of Elder B. H. Roberts' *New Witnesses for God* is in press. It is to be made uniform in style with the two volumes under this title recently published on the Book of Mormon, and treats of Joseph Smith, the prophet, as a witness for God among the children of men, in the ushering in of the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times. The 11th chapter, beginning the 4th thesis, which we are pleased to be permitted to present to the readers of the IMPROVEMENT ERA, introduces this new and important witness, setting forth the religious conditions that existed, at that time, in America, and particularly in New York State. It graphically describes the environments that surrounded the boy prophet and gives an impressive account of the first vision. Furthermore, it names the great truths that came to him and the world in answer to his prayer, and points to the wide-sweeping effect of it all upon the accepted theology of Christendom. A reading of this chapter will whet the appetite for the whole splendid volume. The book, as now issued, completes the set of three volumes, and presents the subject, *New Witnesses for God*, as Elder Roberts conceived the work twenty-eight years ago, and upon which, intermittently, he has labored that length of time. It is a precious contribution to the literature of the Church.—EDITORS.]

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the western part of the state of New York was a new country, by which I mean one recently settled, and comparatively a wilderness. At the close of the Revolutionary war, which secured to the former British colonies independence, the people of the new-born nation found their country and themselves impoverished. Manufactures, owing to the narrow and selfish policy of England toward her colonies, (that policy had been to discourage the colonies from manufacturing, lest they should

compete with the manufactures of England) could scarcely be said to have an existence. Commerce, owing to the fact that the new nation had not yet established a commercial standing in the world, afforded little opportunity for American activity. Moreover, the American people themselves, of that generation, because of the conditions which had surrounded them in the New World, were neither skilled artisans, capable of competing with the British workmen in manufacturing, nor had they the cunning that comes by training, which qualified them for immediate success. What they did possess was sturdy physical frames—constitutions unimpaired either by the excesses practiced among barbarians, or by the vices which abound in older civilizations. They possessed strong hands, superb courage and simple tastes, and with these they entered into that almost boundless empire of wilderness to the west of them, to make homes for themselves and their children.

Lo king from the standpoint of our modern life, which knows so much of ease and comfort, the lot of these pioneers was a hard one. The soil which their rude shares upturned to the sun was indeed virgin and fertile, but before it could be cultivated it had to be cleared of its heavy growth of timber and underbrush, and, with the means then employed to clear a farm, was wellnigh the labor of a lifetime. Each pioneer, with the help of a few neighbors—which help he paid for by helping them in return—built his own house, his barn, his sheds, and fenced his “clearing.” Each family within itself was practically self-supporting. The hum of the spinning-wheel, the rattle of the shuttle and the thumping of the loom, were heard in every home, as wool and flax were converted into fabrics to clothe the family, and every pioneer cultivated such a variety of products that his farm and his labor supplied his wants and those of his household. Happily for their contentment, the conditions in which they lived rendered their wants but few.

In settling the wilderness, the pioneers were not disposed to crowd each other. They settled far apart. It often happened that a man’s nearest neighbor would be two or three miles away, so that the country for a long time was but sparsely settled. Towns were few and far between, and were only slowly builded. No such mushroom growth of towns was known as that which characterized the settlement of the great prairie states in subse-

quent years. A few families, settling on a stream furnishing water power for a grist-mill, or at some point on lake or stream frequented by the Indians, for the purpose of trading their furs, formed the nucleus of these towns, and soon school houses and churches increased their attractions.

It was a simple, honest life these pioneers led. A life full of toil, for it was a stubborn fight they had with the wilderness to subdue it. And yet their very hardships tended towards virtue. A busy life in honorable pursuits can never be a vicious one; and the constant toil of these men in wood and field so kept hands and head employed that there was left no time nor opportunity, nor much of inclination, to pursue evil. Their amusements were few and simple, consisting in the main of the occasional gathering of neighbors for social enjoyments—the love of youth and maiden seeking its legitimate expression in that companionship which alone satisfies the hunger of the heart, I doubt not, was the incentive which brought about these gatherings, at least their frequency—and the old people, well pleased to see their own youth reflected in that of their sons and daughters, looked on with unconcealed delight.

Not only was this life in the wilderness favorable to morality, but it contributed equally well to the cultivation of the religious sentiment in man. Man is by nature a religious animal, and where natural conditions prevail instead of artificial ones, true to his nature, man inclines toward a religious state of mind. There is something in the awful stillness of the wood that says to man, "God is in this solitude!" The murmur of the brook, splashing over its pebbly bed, and the mournful sighing of the wind through the tree tops, whisper to his spirit the fundamental truth of all religion—"God lives!" The stars looking down through the trees, or mirrored in stream or lake, bear witness to the same great truth; while the orderly course of the seasons, bringing with such undeviating regularity seed time and harvest, the period of summer's growth and winter's rest, accompanied by the fact of the sun shining for the evil as well as for the good, and the rain falling upon the just and the unjust alike, give ample evidence of God's interest in the world he has created, and of his beneficence and mercy towards all men.

When conditions were so favorable for the development of natural religion, it is not surprising that profound interest was manifested also in revealed religion, especially when we remember that these pioneers of the wilderness were but from one to three generations removed from ancestors who had left the Old World for the express purpose of worshiping God according to their understanding of that same revealed religion. That skepticism of the eighteenth century, which in some quarters had such a baneful influence upon religious belief, was scarcely felt in these settlements remote from the old centers of the New World civilization. These men of the wilderness believed the Bible, and looked upon it with the reverence worthy of men descended from Protestant fathers, who had in their system of theology made it take the place of pope and church, and established it as their sole authority and infallible guide in the matters of faith and morals. While many of them refused to identify themselves with any of the various sects about them, or subscribe to their creeds, they were profound believers in the word of God, and often confessed this short creed, which they duly impressed upon their descendants: "I believe in God, in the Bible, and in a state of future rewards and punishments."

There was no lack of zealous churchmen among the pioneers, sectaries who taught special forms of faith and contended for the necessity of articular dogmas and formulas with all that ardor and narrowness of view that usually characterizes the sectarian mind. Their contentions for the correctness of their respective creeds were not always free from bitterness; but for all that the Protestant sects in the main recognized each other as parts of a great universal church, and occasionally would so far put away the differences of creed which separated them as to unite for the purpose of holding union protracted meetings, for the conversion of unbelievers.

During the continuance of these meetings, the minister avoided preaching any doctrine except such as could be accepted by all the sects—evangelical doctrine. Professedly their sole effort was to lead the unconverted to believe in and accept Christ, let them join what sect they pleased. Usually matters went on very agreeably, until the converts made by these united efforts

began to express their preference for one or the other of the different religious sects. Then would break out those fierce sectarian struggles for advantage, which ever have been so disgraceful to Protestant Christendom. The good feeling temporarily exhibited during the union meetings nearly all disappeared, and by the fact of its vanishing, impressed an observer with the idea that all along it was more pretended than real. Sectarian zeal was unbounded in its efforts to secure as many of the new converts as possible to its own peculiar denomination. There was a cry of lo here, and lo there, not unfrequently accompanied with remarks of detraction about the opposing sects. The priests, each jealous for his own church, contended fiercely with one another, so that they who ought to have been the most exemplary in that conduct which makes for peace on earth and good will towards men, were often the most to be blamed for stirring up contention.

Such a wave of religious fervor, brought about in the manner above set forth, and attended with results described, passed over the western part of the State of New York, in the winter and spring of 1820. The movement at that time was of unusual interest, first on account of its extent, and second on account of the intensity of the religious excitement produced. It can well be imagined that with these two conditions existing, the bitterness among the sects taking part in the movement would be correspondingly great when it came to dividing up the spoils, by which I mean, when the converts made by a unity of effort began to file off, some to one sect and some to another. Such was the case. Presbyterians opposed Methodists; and Methodists, Baptists; and Baptists opposed both the other sects. All was strife, contention, confusion, beneath which Christian charity and good will to man—these weightier matters of the law—were buried so far out of sight that it might be questioned if they ever existed.

Standing somewhat apart from, but watching with intense interest, this religious excitement, and wondering greatly at the confusion and strife attendant upon it, was a lad fourteen years old.* He was born of parents numbered among the pioneers of

* Joseph Smith, the prophet, was born in Sharon, Windsor county, State of Vermont, 23rd of December, 1805.

the wilderness, and up to that time had lived with them, surrounded by the conditions already described in the first part of this chapter as so favorable to morality and the development of religious sentiment. By this religious agitation the mind of the lad was stirred to serious reflection, accompanied with great uneasiness, on account of the sectarian strife so incessant and so bitter. He saw several members of his father's family connect themselves with the Presbyterian sect, but he himself was more partial to the Methodist church; and at times he felt some desire to be united with it. The tumult arising from the religious contention, however, was such as to bewilder him, and he felt himself incompetent to decide who was right and who was wrong. "What is to be done?" he would often ask himself. "Who of all these parties are right? Or are they all wrong together? If any one of them be right, which is it, and how shall I know it?"*

Young as he was, his native intelligence taught him that something was radically wrong with all this contention over religion. It was clear, even to his boyish mind, that God could not be the author of all this confusion. God's church would not be split up into factions in this fashion; if he taught one society to worship one way, and administer one set of ordinances, he would not teach another principles diametrically opposed.†

Influenced by these reflections, he refrained from joining any of the sects, and in the meantime studied the scriptures as best he could for himself. While thus engaged, his attention was attracted to that passage in James which says:

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.

That passage was like the voice of God to his spirit. "Never" he was wont to say in later life—"never did any passage of scripture come with more power to the heart of man than this

* *Pearl of Great Price*, page 83: 10.

† See Joseph's reasoning upon this subject published in his account of the rise of the Church, written for Mr. John Wentworth, proprietor of the *Chicago Democrat* (1842). This article is also found in a pamphlet by George A. Smith, entitled *Answers to Questions*, p. 27. Also *History of the Church*, Vol. IV, chapter xxxi.

did at this time to mine. It seemed to enter with great force into every feeling of my heart.”* He reflected upon it again and again, and as he did so the impression grew stronger that the advice of the ancient apostle offered a solution to his perplexities. It never occurred to him to think that the passage meant other than it said, or to question the universal application of the advice it gives. He knew nothing of the sophistry of the schools of theology, which too often made the word of God of none effect by their learned exegesis. Through the innocent eyes of a mere boy, he looked the proposition of James squarely in the front, and, thanks to the teachings of parents who revered the word of God, he believed what the man of God said, and he believed further that he expressed that which the Lord inspired him to say; so that it came to him with the full force of a revelation. Under such circumstances, what was more natural than for him to reason thus: if any person needs wisdom from God, I do; for how to act I do not know, and unless I can get more than I now have, I shall never know.† But one conclusion could be arrived at, through such a course of reflection: he must either remain in darkness and confusion or do as James directed—ask of God. And since he gives wisdom to them that lack wisdom, and will give liberally and not upbraid, he thought he might venture. And so at last he did. He selected a place in a grove near his father’s house, and there, one beautiful morning in the spring of 1820,‡ after looking timidly about to ascertain that he was alone, the boy knelt, in his first attempt at vocal prayer, to ask God for wisdom.

No sooner had he begun calling upon the Lord than there sprang upon him a being from the unseen world, who so entirely overcame him, and bound his utterance, that he could not speak. Thick darkness gathered about him, and it seemed to the struggling boy that he was doomed to sudden destruction. He still exerted all his power to call upon the Lord to deliver him from the power of the enemy who had seized him. But still his unseen,

* *History of the Church, Vol. I, p. 4.*

† His reasoning set down here is paraphrased from his own account of what he thought. *History of the Church, Period I, Vol. 1, p. 4.*

‡ The exact date of this occurrence is not known.

though none the less real, enemy continued to prevail. Despair filled his heart. He was about to abandon himself to destruction when, at the moment of his greatest alarm, he saw a pillar of light exactly over his head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually until it fell upon him. No sooner did this light appear, than he was free from the enemy which had held him bound. As the light rested upon him he saw within it two Personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description. They stood above him in the air, and one of them, pointing to the other, said:

“JOSEPH, THIS IS MY BELOVED SON, HEAR HIM.”

The object of the lad in going to that place to engage in secret prayer was to learn of God which of all the sects was right, that he might know which to join. No sooner, therefore, did he recover his self-possession than he asked the personage to whom he was thus introduced which of all the sects was right—which he should join. He was answered that he must join none of them; for they were all wrong. Their creeds were an abomination in God's sight; the professors of them were all corrupt—“They draw near me with their lips,” said the personage talking to him, “but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrine the commandments of men; having a form of Godliness, but denying the power thereof.”

Again he was told that he must join none of them.

Many other things were said to him on that occasion which the prophet has not recorded, except to say that he was promised that the fulness of the gospel would at some future time be made known to him.*

With this the vision closed, and the boy, on coming to himself, was lying upon his back looking up into heaven. He arose to his feet, and looked upon the place of his fierce struggle with his unseen though powerful enemy—the place also of his splendid vision!

What a change had come to the lad in one brief hour! He was no longer struggling with doubts or troubled with perplexities

* *Answers to Questions*, p. 37. Also the Wentworth letter, *History of the Church*, Vol. IV, p. 537.

as to which of the sects was right. He had gone to that place of prayer plagued with uncertainty, now no one among the children of men was so well assured as he of the course to pursue. He had proved the correctness of James' doctrine—men may ask God for wisdom, receive liberally, and not be upbraided. He knew that the religious creeds of the world were untrue; that they taught for doctrine the commandments of men; that religionists observed a form of godliness, but in their hearts denied the power of God; that they drew near to the Lord with their lips, but their hearts were far from him. He knew that God the Father lived, for he had both seen him and heard his voice. He knew that Jesus lived and was the Son of God, for he had been introduced to him by the Father, conversed with him in heavenly vision, and had received instruction and a promise that the fulness of the gospel should yet be made known to him. Up to that time his life had been uneventful, and of a character to make him of no particular consequence in the world; now he stood as God's witness among the children of men. Henceforth he must bear witness to the great truths he had learned. His testimony will arouse the wrath of men, and with unrelenting fury they will pursue him; slander, outright falsehood, and misrepresentation will play havoc with his reputation; everywhere his name will be held up as evil; derision will laugh at his testimony; ridicule will mock it; on every hand he will meet with the cry, "False prophet! false prophet!" chains and the dungeon's gloom await him; mobs with murderous hate will assail him again and again; and at last, while under the protection of the law, and the honor of a great commonwealth pledged for his safety, he will be murdered in cold blood for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus!

How little that fair-haired boy, standing there in the unpruned forest, with the sunlight stealing through the trees about him, realized the burden placed upon his shoulders that morning, by reason of the visitation he received in answer to his prayer!

Here is not the place for argument, that is to come later; but let us consider the wide-sweeping effect of this boy's vision upon the accepted theology of Christendom.

First, it was a flat contradiction to the assumption that reve-

lation had ceased, that God had no further communication to make to man.

Second, it revealed the errors into which man had fallen concerning the personages of the Godhead. It made it manifest that God is not an incorporeal being, without body or parts; on the contrary he appeared to the prophet in the form of a man, as he did to the ancient prophets. Thus, after centuries of controversy, the simple truth of the scriptures, which teach that man was created in the likeness and very image of God—hence God must be the same in form as man—was reaffirmed.

Third, it corrected the error of the theologians respecting the oneness of the persons of the Father and the Son. Instead of being one in person, as the theologians taught, they are distinct in their persons, as much as any father and son on earth; and the oneness of the Godhead referred to in the scriptures, must have reference to unity of purpose and of will; the mind of the one being the mind of the other, and so as to the will and other attributes. The Godhead is made up of harmonized, divine intelligences.

The announcement of these truths, coupled with that other truth proclaimed by the Son of God, namely, that none of the sects and churches of Christendom were acknowledged as the Church or kingdom of God, furnishes the elements for a religious revolution that will affect the very foundations of modern Christian theology. In a moment all the rubbish concerning religion, which had accumulated through all the centuries since the gospel and authority to administer its ordinances had been taken from the earth, was grandly swept aside—the living rocks of truth were made bare upon which the Church of God was to be founded—a New Dispensation of the gospel was about to be committed to the earth—God had raised up a witness for himself among the children of men.

At Rest on the Hill Overlooking the Sea.

BY WILLIAM A. MOODY, LATE PRESIDENT OF THE SAMOAN MISSION.

[Elder William A. Moody, of Thatcher, Arizona, late president of the Samoan mission, with headquarters at Pesega, Apia, Samoa, returned to Salt Lake City on the 25th of September, having sailed from his field of labor August 25. On the 22nd of February, 1908, he left Utah, and presided over the mission the whole time of his absence. He reports the prospects good for future growth in the membership of the Church in Samoa. During his incumbency, there was an increase of four hundred and seventy-five members—three hundred and fifty-three of these being by baptism. He established, while there, thirteen new branches, there being now nineteen in all, with a total membership of seventeen hundred and sixty-one. The baptisms have constantly increased in the past three years, with a record of about two hundred for the present year. The elders have established seven schools, in which some three hundred students are being taught by the elders, of whom there are thirty in the mission, with four more on the way. Elder Moody is optimistic in his views relating to the spread of the gospel in that land, and considers the prospect promising for future growth. Elder Don C. McBride, of Pima, Arizona, was chosen temporary president of the mission. On his way across the Pacific Elder Moody found time to pen the following reflections and historical data, which we are pleased to present to the readers of the IMPROVEMENT ERA.—*Editors*].

As one enters upon the highway of life, with the eye of faith he looks into the future. He sees his goal as a distant light might be seen through night's darkness, but what lies between him and his goal he sees not, and strive as he may he cannot clearly depict what the future holds for him. But, with the boon of hope, he makes for himself a picture of achievement and success, needless to say, widely at variance with what his life's journey really

brings him. He looks to the future and plans for the future. He continues to travel towards his seemingly distant goal. He observes that the members of his community are gradually being harvested by that

Grim reaper called Death,
Who, with his sickle keen,
Mows down the ripened grain,
And the flowers that grow between.

Yet it seldom occurs to him that he might be harvested next, and so it transpires that whether his life be composed of trial, hardship and struggle, or whether he has easy access to that which his ambition leads him to achieve, there is wisdom in his not knowing what the future holds for him, thus causing him to live and work and develop by faith.

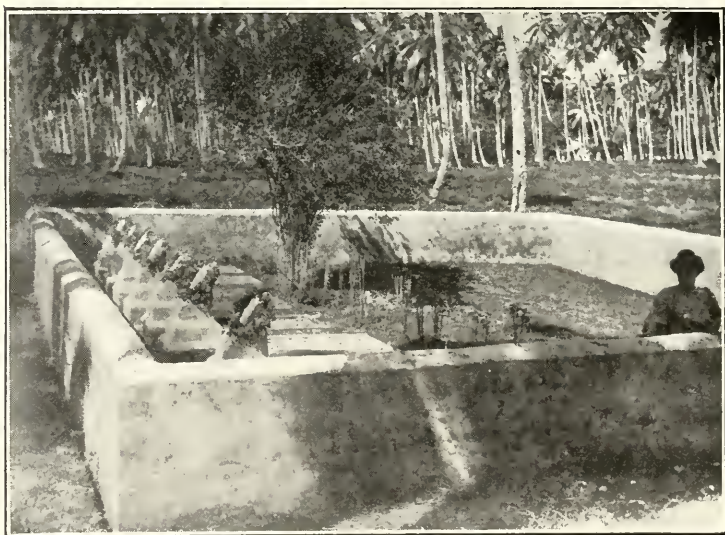


WM. A. MOODY.

When one receives the call of authority to carry the glad message of a restored gospel to an unbelieving world, and through faith accepts the call, it usually causes him to turn a sharp corner in the experiences of life. He severs family ties, and, amid an atmosphere of love and of good will, and of loving wishes and ardent prayers for his success, he bids farewell to his family and friends, and when the shades of night fall upon his home, made lonely now by his absence, the family kneels in humble prayer, with a longing desire, and earnestness which, perhaps, may have been wanting in the habitual formality of their prayers heretofore offered; and, with tear-stained eyes, they pray to the kind Father of all to let his watchcare go with our missionary to his field of labor, crown his labors with success, and in due time bring him safely home "laden with many sheaves." Each little child is taught to pray for brother or papa, as the case may be. A halo of holiness settles down upon the family, who have made new resolutions to live so as to merit the blessings for which they

pray. The angels gladly report a new epoch in the life of our messenger of salvation. Here again faith and hope are active. A beautiful picture of a happy home-coming is involuntarily made, with its expectant joy. Yet we know not God's purposes—he may never return.

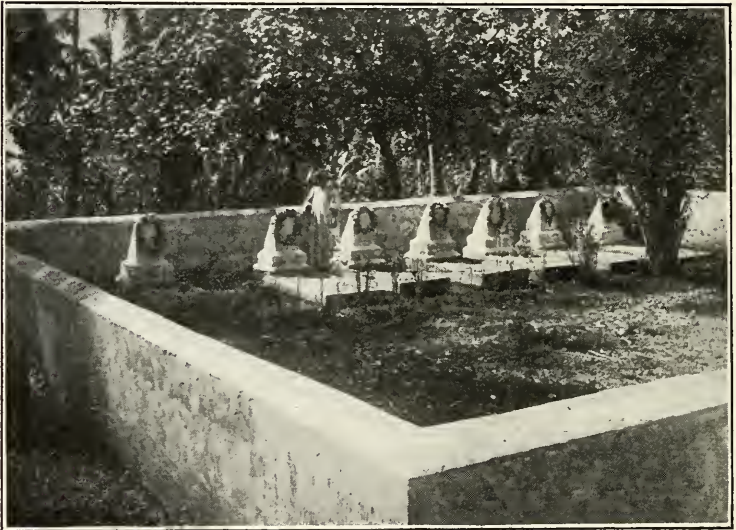
Among the many who have thus severed family ties, some, like ripened grain, have been harvested from all parts of the world. The missionaries to Samoa have yielded their portion, who are now in a more blessed abode awaiting the home-coming of their earthly kindred. We are grieved to part with those dear ones, because we love and miss them, not because we feel that they are less happy. But here again is shown the wisdom of Deity in withholding what the future had in store for them. With the "shield of faith and the sword of truth," they marched bravely into the field of battle, and after winning laurel crowns, died battling gallantly for truth and the downfall of sin and error. It was not a combat where the noise of troops, the din of battle, and the excitement of armies caused one to forget self in the mad rush; but a battle



THE CEMETERY AT FAGALI'I, SAMOA.

where much more courage and constancy are needed; where calm, considerate thought and faith and hope, in the ultimate triumph of truth, cause one to battle with the ever present weakness of the flesh, until he so far conquers his physical self as to make it subject to his will, pure and undefiled, subject to the will of God; and having thus eradicated the darkness of evil from his soul, he becomes a light which unselfishly shines to light the pathway of others.

Just back of the little village of Fagalii, on the brow of the hill overlooking the sea, about seventy-five yards inland from the beach, just where the cocoanut-covered slope suddenly forms a



AT REST IN THE CEMETERY AT FAGALII, SAMOA.

declivity to the low, narrow strip of land which borders the sea, is the mission cemetery. The original picket fence, being decayed, has recently been replaced by a concrete wall; and modest, white marble plates, set in suitable cement blocks, mark the resting place of the mortal remains of the following named missionaries:

Ransom M. Stevens, Ella Adelia Moody and Judson B. Tomlinson. Also children of missionaries, as follows: George Emmett Hilton, Janette Hilton, Thomas Harold Hilton and Loi Roberts.

The remains of Mrs. Kate E. Hall Merrill and her one day old baby, who died June 29, 1891, were interred in this cemetery, but were later removed to America; and the remains of George E. Morris, who died December 12, 1908, were interred in the government cemetery at Apia.

In making these improvements on the cemetery, it became necessary to cut down most of the beautiful trees and shrubbery which heretofore surrounded the graves, and were ever in bloom; but new shrubbery has been planted, and a new growth of beautiful foliage will soon spring up to adorn and again beautify that holy sanctuary.

The New Firm.

(For the Improvement Era.)

The world may laugh, in passing by,
 At this new firm of Wife and I;
 But what care we how men may talk,
 For we are founded on a rock!
 We are the principals, you know,
 Our children constitute the Co.,
 Our Creditor is God above,
 Our stock in trade is mutual love.
 At every season's ample end
 A baby is the dividend.
 Time cannot reach to rend apart
 The band that binds us heart to heart;
 And so we shall continue on
 When earth and sky and time are gone;
 And, looking through prophetic eyes
 Into futurity's deep skies,
 I see it burst the band of years
 And broaden into deeper spheres.
 Forever up eternal flights,
 It comprehends all depths and heights,
 All principalities and powers—
 This little company of ours.

THEODORE E. CURTIS.



Isles of Shoals, Atlantic Coast.



ON THE CHRISTMAS EVE.



The Golden Gate, Pacific Coast.



BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE

The Nephite Shepherd.

A Book of Mormon Story, in Two Parts.

BY ARTHUR V. WATKINS.

PART ONE.

II.—Prophecy of Samuel the Lamanite.

The following day witnessed some stirring times. Zarahemla was visibly agitated. Whenever a group of men or women were congregated there was a lively discussion. The babel of voices could be heard on all sides, in the markets, in the public gardens and parks, and even in the hall of justice. One theme seemed to be uppermost in everybody's mind. Even the children in the streets and playgrounds were discussing it.

A group of men in the square before the hall of justice were having an animated discussion.

"I say he is right. We are wicked. Nephi's children are gone astray. They do not hold to the traditions of their fathers. God brought us here and gave us this promised land, but we refuse to worship him, and worship our gold and costly things instead." So spoke one. His speech caused hilarious laughter.

"So we are wicked, are we? A dog of a Lamanite must come and tell us about our sins! A righteous man, indeed! Pray where did he get his swarthy hide? From the sins of his father Laman! Why, this Samuel is a vagabond, many times accused of crime." So spoke a second one.

"Did he not greatly insult Zemnariah, one of the noblest of men? It is whispered that the priestly power has promised him

great reward to tell us of our sins, so that we will become humble and easy for them to rule. But, men of Zarahemla, we are not fools any longer. The judges have ordered him cast out of the city, and woe be unto him if he dare return!" So added a third.

Many taunts were hurled at the first speaker, such as, "Art thou also of the priestly congregation? Dost thou also believe in the foolish traditions concerning Christ, who is to be born of a virgin?"

Just then the attention of the multitude that had gathered to hear the discussion, was diverted by a guard of the city gates, who came running into the crowd on his way to the hall of justice.

"What news? What news?" the crowd greeted him.

The news soon spread.

"The Lamanite is upon the city walls prophesying against the city, telling of its destruction and of the great things that are to happen."

It spread from group to group, from market to market, and from house to house. As many as were able, hastened to the place indicated.

All the contending factions of that great city were represented. Those who believed in the words of Samuel were there to hear more, and to protect him. Those who believed not were there to stop his words, and to slay him if he persisted.

Among the multitude, standing in the thoroughfare running parallel with the wall, was Zemnarihah. He stood regarding the multitude with reserved demeanor, taking sides with neither of the contending factions. By his side stood Zoram, who, as well as his master, wore the badge of mourning, for the senior Zemnarihah had died the day previous. Not far away was Giddianhi talking quietly with two men. The men soon departed in haste. Giddianhi joined another small group of men, and after a few words to them, they soon melted away in the larger crowd. Giddianhi then beckoned Zoram to one side.

"Make yourself free among the people; put in a word now and then to stir them up in anger against the Lamanite; cause them to seek his life; but take no part in the attempt yourself."

So saying, he left Zoram to do his bidding while he quietly took a position in a retired corner of the great street, where he

could watch Zemnarihah, the people and Samuel, without being noticed himself.

Meanwhile the multitude was increasing. Among the latest arrivals was the chief judge's chariot, containing a driver and the judge's daughter.

Suddenly all eyes were turned toward the wall—Samuel was speaking again. The commotion in the multitude stopped, and the attention of all was focused on the strange figure before them.

Strange indeed it was. Not so much because of the dress, which was simple, but from the expression on the face. Although all knew him to be a Lamanite, yet as he stood with uplifted arms, his face glowing with an indescribable light, it would not have been difficult to have convinced them that they were deceived—that it was not Samuel, but one of their own number. His bare arms and legs showed the cruel marks of the lashing that had been administered to him the day previous. His voice, though trembling with emotion, rang out clearly and distinctly, and either won his hearers for or against him.

These were his words:

Behold I give unto you a sign; for five years more cometh, and behold, then cometh the Son of God to redeem all those who shall believe on his name.

And behold this will I give unto you for a sign at the time of his coming; for behold, there shall be great lights in heaven, insomuch that in the night before he cometh there shall be no darkness, insomuch that it shall appear unto man as if it was day.

Therefore there shall be one day and a night and a day, as if it were one day, and there were no night; and this shall be unto you for a sign; for ye shall know of the rising of the sun and also of its setting; therefore they shall know of a surety that there shall be two days and a night; nevertheless the night shall not be darkened; and it shall be the night before he is born.

And behold there shall a new star arise, such an one as ye never have beheld; and this also shall be a sign unto you.

And behold this is not all, there shall be many signs and wonders in heaven.

The multitude stood spellbound. The very boldness and positiveness of the Lamanite caused them to marvel. One of their

number had cried to him without ceasing for a sign, that they might know when the Son of God should be born, and this was his answer. Five years more and marvelous and spectacular were the things that would take place. So great were his utterances that the people were astounded, and dare not raise a hand against him. The holy light that came from his countenance held his followers enraptured. Many others believed his words and went straightway to the river Sidon, where they were baptized by Nephi.

The spell was broken, however, when he denounced them for their wickedness and called them to repentance. Then it was that the men, acting under instructions from Giddianhi, did their work. They cried out against him, they mocked and jeered. Those who felt the biting sting of Samuel's words joined in the mocking. Goaded on by the jeers of their associates they called loudly for his life, hurling vile epithets, such as imposter, dog and knave.

At this juncture, two men, dispatched by Giddianhi, appeared on the scene, armed with bows and arrows, slings and lances. A guttural cheer arose from the mob, "The Lamanite must die!"

One of the men immediately fitted an arrow to his bow, and was taking careful aim at the unprotected Samuel, when an unforeseen thing happened. Quick as a flash the driver of the chief judge's chariot leaped from the vehicle, snatched the weapon from the man, and then brought it down on his head with such force that it felled him to the earth. Instantly the driver was seized, and would undoubtedly have been torn to pieces but for Zemnariah. He rushed into the crowd, tore the unfortunate man loose from his captors, hastily pushed him into the chariot, seized the reins and pulled the horses quickly around. In a moment the chariot and its occupants disappeared around a neighboring corner.

The incident happened so suddenly that very few of the mob noticed it. They were devoting their whole attention to Samuel, who continued to cry unto them from the wall. Stones from the pavement were torn up, broken into smaller fragments, and hurled at him. These either fell so far short or went so wide of the mark, that Samuel was in little danger. The bowmen, however, were his greatest danger. Arrows flew thick and fast, but lo and

behold none of them touched him! This only increased the anger of the men, so instead of excited and nervous shooting they steadied themselves, taking deliberate aim. Behold their amazement when nothing would touch him! Arrows whizzed by his head, under and above his outstretched arms, but not one harmed his person. Being some of the best archers in the city, the men were dumbfounded. Many dropped their weapons and fell upon their knees; fear came upon them that they were seeking the life of one of God's servants. Now they believed his words, so they went, as he before had directed them, to Nephi who was baptizing in the river Sidon.

But not so with the large portion of the multitude; they became more clamorous for his blood. Seeing that they could not hit him with their stones and arrows, they called loudly for their captains and others to procure ladders and take him from off the wall, that they might wreak vengeance upon him.

Before such demands the captains were powerless to resist. As much as some of them believed his words, yet they were fearful of the mob. Being under the chief judge, himself a just man, they feared his displeasure, but being weak mortals, they feared the displeasure of the populace more.

Ladders were soon brought; Samuel's doom seemed to be sealed. There he knelt, with upturned face, and arms pointed heavenward, as if calling the vengeance of a just God down upon his persecutors. The sun, low in the west, was in line with Samuel's person; rays of light seemed to give his naturally dark body an almost angelic expression.

The picture was short lived; the captains were nearing the top. One last, longing look upon Zarahemla, the beautiful, and Samuel disappeared, clambering down the other side of the wall.

As the captains stood on top they saw a dark figure, apparently a man, disappear in the neck of the woods, jutting out from the river Sidon. And that was the last a Zarahemlite ever saw of Samuel, the Lamanite prophet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Among the Toilers.

BY HAROLD GOFF.

The Master's exhortation, "Love one another," can never come into complete fulfilment until we *understand* one another. And we shall never understand one another until we learn to look at life and interpret its meaning and its worth from more than our own particular point of view.

There is more than sentimentality in the old song,

We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away.

We can read into it—or out of it, if you will—the lesson that it is our duty to help roll the mists away. In a great measure we can accomplish this end, for much of the mist which enclouds mankind is of our own making.

In a casual conversation, not long ago, a friend of mine strongly impressed this truth upon me, although I doubt that at the time he was conscious that his utterances were more than commonplace—a fact which reminds us that the impromptu word or action may often be of more value than we think. My friend is an educated man—a graduate of Cornell—and an educator. Most of his work in the world is of the mental type; most of his time he is engaged in the vocation of instructing the young. But many of his summers he chooses to spend in manual labor, out in the fields tilling the soil, or gathering in the crops at harvest time. It was shortly after his return from such a summer's work that he said to me:

"It does one good to get out among the toilers—I mean the toilers in the fields or the shops. We are all toilers in our own particular way, but we fail to appreciate the other fellow because

we do not meet him on his own ground and learn to know him as he is.

“Those of us whose work is not manual, often think that the field or shop workers are happy and contented only in their working clothes, and that the dust and grime of their labor is an essential part of their happiness. And we look on them with something akin to contempt. But we are wrong. The dust and the grime, it is true, *are* a part of their life, but they themselves are not very different from the rest of us. They like good homes; they like clean clothes, clean beds and clean food; they like their rest and recreation. More often than we know, they like those accomplishments we call culture, and would cultivate them if they had the chance.

“And some of these modest, unassuming toilers are really expert in their line; they can do important and necessary work better than most of us could dream of doing it.”

As an example, my friend told me of a blacksmith—Peterson by name, I believe, though that doesn't matter—who had been in charge of the repair work on the machinery of a certain ranch. With only an improvised shop, this blacksmith could provide any wheel, shaft, or other mechanical appliance that might be needed. And he would attempt—and accomplish too—work that seemed little short of marvelous. Once, when the heavy steel pipe of a “driven” well had slipped from its fastenings and had dropped to the bottom of the bore, its recovery was despaired of. Four hundred pounds of steel, point downward, had dropped two hundred feet. It must have buried itself forty feet in the mud, and at a tremendous distance from the ground surface. Men of experience with wells declared that the pipe could not possibly be recovered. Some of them were willing to wager one thousand dollars that it could not be done. But Peterson, calm and unperturbed, said quietly, “I'll get it up this afternoon.” And he did, with a contrivance of his own manufacture. I don't know what it was, but he ought to have it patented.

This same blacksmith, after cutting and pounding a piece of steel pipe for two hours, shaping it into a guard for some part of an engine's mechanism, discovered that the piece would not do. “I'll have to try again,” he said quietly, “I got the weld that

time." There was no violent cursing, no muttering or complaint at the two hours of hard labor lost. It was simply, "I'll have to try again." What a lesson for the best of us!

This unassuming blacksmith is only one of many toilers whom we, that work in office, store or school room, should know. And they ought to know us. An interchange of places, a meeting on a common plane, would make us all bigger, broader and better. It would minimize narrowness and bigotry; it would teach us appreciation, toleration, and true charity—life's greatest heritage.

Modern labor troubles, as my friend reminded me, would largely be done away with, if a perfect understanding could be established between the toilers of the brain and the toilers of the brawn. The "labor problem" would be solved. Difficulties and disagreement which may throw states, and even nations, into turmoil, might be avoided, if "the mists were rolled away." A more perfect harmony would exist, and universal peace, that long-sought-for consummation, would prevail. Then would abide true charity, and the divine injunction, "Love one another," would be near fulfillment.

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH.

Wanted.

(*Selected.*)

God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands—
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess a genius and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!—
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

J. G. HOLLAND.

Just a Little Blue Stocking.

BY LELLA MARLER HOGGAN.

I.—The Wild Teaches Jim a Lesson.

“Don’t you know, Hughie, I sometimes think that this is God’s own land, and that that old mountain yonder is his temple,” said Jim, as he and the old mountaineer drew rein at the little spring that bubbled up at the foot of the hill.

“Yes, Jim, that’s right, that’s right; it is God’s own land, and that is one of his temples. He built it with his own hands ages ago. He made these hills, too, Jim, and the lake, and the medder yonder, and them old pine trees and this little spring. When they’re all muffled up in snow like this, they look mighty solemn and quiet like, and it makes a fellow feel like God’s close around somewhere.”

Old Hughie shaded his eyes with his hand and looked across the purple mountains toward the sunset. Only a few of the rugged summits stood out purple against the crimson-tinted sky. The others were cloaked and hooded in snow.

“Now, right over there, Jim,” he said, pointing to a break in the range, “right there where the sun’s goin’ down, is the place where you and me camped when you first came into the valley.”

“Is it?” questioned Jim. “I thought it was further south than that.”

“No,” said Hughie decidedly, “that’s the place right there. I used to camp there years ago. D’you ’member that little clump of quakin’-asp and that big rock at the side of the road?”

“Yes.”

“Well, right there’s where I used to make my camp-fire.

There's a spring right there at the foot of the hill, and a little creek a runnin' out of it—suthin' like this one. I used to lay down there in the shade of the willers, while my hoss was a feedin'. I liked to listen to the wind in the leaves, and hear the water a laughin' and a bubblin' as it splashed over the moss and the rocks. The air allus smelled so fresh and sweet there. They was runnin' vines and hoss-mint, down along the stream, and the roses was allus in bloom up by the spring."

The horses had finished drinking, and they cantered on down the half-obliterated road. The snow filtered through the twigs of the trees and bushes in great white wreaths, as the horses jostled them in passing.

"Yes, I'll never forget that place," continued Hughie. "I allus feel closer to God, somehow, when I'm alone out in them mountains. It's the same feelin' as I have here when the snow lays muffled on everything."

"I felt rather lonesome the night we camped out in those mountains," remarked Jim.

"Yes, I recollect," mused Hughie. "But that was 'fore you got acquainted with the hills and the rocks and the forests. You'd feel different now. You have to get acquainted with the wild things 'fore you learn to like 'em. Now that little spring, up there where the horses drank—I'm acquainted with that spring jest the same as I be with a man or a hoss. And old Sawtell peak over yonder—why, Jim, I know that mountain as well as I do you."

"I believe you do, Hughie; and sometimes I fancy that the mountains and the rocks and the streams know you."

"Guess they do, Jim; most of 'em, any way. They've taught me some mighty good lessons, boy. And they'll do the same by you, if you'll just open your heart to 'em."

"I don't know, Hughie. You seem to be on better terms with them than any one else I know."

"The reason the wild things know me so well, Jim, is because I love 'em so. When you get to loving the mountains and the woods and such things, you jest feel as if they're waitin' 'round to do suthin' fer you all the time, and you feel sort o' related to 'em, somehow. And you begin to lovin' everything and every-

body. 'Taint the things theirselves that makes you feel that way, Jim—it's the One that made 'em. When you get close to the heart of the old world, my boy, you find God. And he helps you to find your own heart, and to find all the joy that's hid away waitin' fer you."

There was quiet for some minutes, save the muffled thud of the horses feet in the new snow. Then Jim broke the silence with,

"Don't you know, Hughie, that's the way I found God. When I came out here with you I did not know what I believed. I thought I was an atheist. At any rate, I felt sure I was not a Christian. But after I had lived in these mountains awhile I discovered that my heart had been made over, as it were. Of course, I was around with you considerable, and that made a difference. A man couldn't live around you long, Hughie, without being a better man."

"Maybe I helped you to see things a little—that's all—God done the rest."

"I used to get up mornings and look up at the old mountain," continued Jim, "and feel thankful that I was here. It is so old and mystic and mighty. It lifts a man up to a higher plane and makes him want to be better. After that I learned to see the beauty in the lake and woods, and the pretty nooks and corners out in the hills."

"Yes, Jim, God is in the quiet places, as well as in the mighty ones. Now, that little cove yonder is just as necessary to his plan as Sawtell peak is. It don't look much now, drifted full of snow as it is, but it's cool and shady in summer, and wild violets and sweet grass and medder posies spring up, and the cattle come to nip the grass and get a drink from the spring."

Again they rode on in silence. Hughie was thinking. After a few minutes he said abruptly, "I allus feel sorry fer an atheist, Jim. They're missin' so much that God meant they should enjoy. They jest see the outside o' things, as it were. It's like lookin' at the printin' on a page, when you can't read a word of it. Its jest a jumble of marks. Now, if they could jest get acquainted with Nature she'd introduce 'em to God, and then they could find the way all right; for he's allus close around ready to help a man out if he loses his way. An atheist most gen'ally thinks that he

knows all about created things, but I want to tell you, Jim, he ain't on speakin' terms with 'em. Why if he was, it wouldn't be no time 'til he'd see what a fool he is, and he'd be too ashamed of hisself to look 'em in the face again."

"That's the way I felt, Hughie, after I'd been out here with you awhile. I felt ashamed to think I had ever doubted God and his goodness. I'm glad I know these things, but I'm sorry that I did not know them sooner."

II.—A Woman in It.

"No use o' spoilin' today's sunshine by worryin' 'bout yesterday's rain, Jim. You can make good all you've lost. The home folks are allus glad to kill the fatted calf fer the prodigal's return."

"Yes, I can make good with the home folks; but that isn't all, Hughie."

"A woman in it?"

"Yes, there was a woman in it—a dear, sweet little woman she was, too. She used to think a great deal of me—at least, I thought she did. And she was all the world to me. That was why I left home, Hughie. I couldn't stay around and see someone else taking my place by her side."

"Go on," urged Hughie seriously. "How did it all happen? Tell me about it."

"There isn't much to tell," mused Jim. "It was Christmas eve, and she came with me to spend the evening with mother. She helped me to fasten baby's little blue stockings to the mantle above the grate. I took my little sister, Honey-Bird, onto my lap and told her the Santa Claus story, which she had heard every night for weeks. Nellie told her the story of the Christ-child. Then baby was tucked into her little bed, and father and mother and Nellie and I spent a pleasant evening together. While I was walking home with Nellie, we spoke of Christmas, and of Honey-Bird's bright anticipations for the morrow. Then I tried to tell Nellie what had been in my heart through the years. But she wouldn't let me say the words. 'No, James,' she said firmly, 'no, not while you look at life as you do now. We could never be

happy.' I tried to tell her that I could be a better man if she would help me. Then she looked straight into my eyes. 'Why, James,' she said, 'you are not even a Christian! The man I marry must be a devout, sincere Christian. He must be strong enough to lead the way if my faith should waver.' I did not say any more until we reached her home. Then I said, 'I am sorry, Nellie, that our paths lead in different directions. I had hoped that we would some day sit together by an open fireplace and tell stories to little children. I had hoped that we would stand together and hang little Christmas stockings by the mantle. But if you do not love me as I am, I shall go away. I do not believe in winning a woman by making promises that are seldom fulfilled. So it will be good by this time, Nellie, instead of good night.' "

" 'I am sorry, James, that our lives and our ideals are not more alike,' she said. 'You have been very good to me and I shall always remember you kindly. May God bless you wherever you go.' "

"Her hand touched mine for a moment—and only a moment—and then she was gone. And the joy went out of my heart with her, Hughie."

"She done the right thing, Jim—the right thing. A woman'd be a fool that'd marry a man 'fore he was acquainted with God. A man like you or me, Jim, has to have the rough places in him made smooth 'fore he's fit to marry a good woman. Women can help men to read the things out o' life what's good fer 'em, but its better fer a man to learn his letters alone. Makes him more of a man. Then he ain't allus leanin' on a woman fer his moral strength. Even if he loses her, he's a man anyway."

"And you think she did the right thing, then, in sending me away?"

" 'Course she did, Jim—'course she did. Best thing 'at could've happened to you. You ain't lost no time. You've jest been makin' a man of yourself."

"But, Hughie, if she really cared, don't you think she would have given me some little word of encouragement to have helped me along, while I was finding the way?"

"Not a bit of it—not a bit of it. Why, Jim, if we could see the answer to all the sums 'fore we started on 'em, they

wouldn't be no use of figgerin' 'em out. 'Tain't a good way to do, Jim, to get your money 'fore you finish your job."

"But suppose you finish your work, and never get your pay—then what?"

"Ah, Jim, my boy, that never happens! God never beats a man out o' what's coming to him. It's like I was a tellin' you, Jim, you might lose the woman, but if you've made a man of yourself, you're still a man; and that's wuth the price you've paid fer it, you know."

The old man straightened up in his saddle and shaded his eyes with his hand again.

"See that old pine tree down there, right to the point of the mountain?"

"Well?"

"Well, it allus stands right there, quiet like and unpretendin', but allus right there. You kin see it fer miles away. When travelers git off the trail, or git lost in a storm, they look fer the old lone pine. Its one of the guide posts of these mountains. Well, Jim, some people's jest like that old tree. You allus know right where to find 'em, and though they don't say nothin' they're allus pointin' out the road fer you to travel. Now, this little woman we've been a talkin' about has been a kind of a guide post to you. She didn't say nothin'—didn't make no promises, nor tell you what to do. She jest stayed right where she was and pointed out the road to you. And you've been a thinkin' of her all the time, and been a tryin' to git into the road she pointed out to you. Now, Jim, the thing fer you to do is to go right back to Nellie and tell her you've found the way, and you're ready to walk in the same path with her now."

"No, I'm too late," said Jim decidedly. "There was another man who loved her, and he was a Christian. She is probably married by now."

"Don't you ever think she's married, Jim. Girls like Nellie don't shift their hearts around every season. If she loved you then, she loves you now."

"I'm afraid not, Hughie. You know two years is a long time to be away from the woman you love, especially when there isn't the least little tie between you to help her to be true."

"Maybe you're right, Jim—maybe you're right," consented the old man.

III.—Hughie's Christmas Tale.

The journey was finished in silence, and when they drew rein in front of the old bunk house the boys greeted them with a cheer.

That night after supper the boys gathered in the cabin for a social game of cards. Hughie had been very quiet at supper, and he sat now and gazed into the open grate of the old stove and watched the large sticks burning. After the boys had finished a game he swung his chair around, facing them, and asked bluntly, "How many of you fellers are going home fer Christmas?"

"None of us, I guess," answered the mail-driver, as he picked up the deck of cards and began shuffling them.

"I don't know as anybody's goin' to leave the ranch," said Nelson, "unless it's Jim. His letter looked rather suspicious."

"Yes, how 'bout that letter, Jim? It smelled o' Christmas, sure enough," queried old Pete.

"What letter?" questioned Jim.

"I forgot all about Jim's letter," confessed Fred. "It's around here somewhere." And he began picking up the papers and scraps off from the long shelf. "Here it is," he said; and he passed it over to Jim. Jim looked at the address a moment, and then put it in his pocket.

"Is it the right one?" laughed the boys.

"It's from my sister," he said quietly.

"Say, boys—" and old Hughie drew his chair up a little nearer to the table—"if you'll just let that game slide, I'd like to tell you a story."

"All right, Hugh. Is it a Christmas story?" asked the mail-driver, speaking for the crowd again.

"Yes, boys, it's a Christmas story, and it's a true one. It's about forty year ago now," began the old man, "since I come into the valley. I was just a boy then, wild and thoughtless and foolish. I'd allus lived in York state with my folks, in a quiet little country place. But I'd allus wanted to get out and away. Both my grandfather and my father had been pioneers. In their earlier days they'd lived out in the borderland. They'd tilled the soil,

killed wild animals and fought the Indians. The warmth in their blood had been handed down from father to son, and a generous share was bestowed on me. I had an uncle out West who used to write us wonderful letters about the country, and when I was only a little chap I made up my mind to come West. And it wasn't many years 'till the chance come, and I was only too glad to take it. My mother tried to talk me out of goin', but when my father saw how determined I was he told mother he thought they'd better decide to let me go. She finally consented, and preparations was made in a hurry for my leavin'. I was glad she consented, 'cause I think I would have gone even if she hadn't. I can see her now as she looked them last few days 'fore I left. There was a sad, anxious look on her face, as she went about her work. Her eyes was full of tears she was a holdin' back. And I think she had a prayer in her heart fer me all the time, 'cause she seemed to be thinkin' o' me all the time. I remember how she washed my clothes and mended all the rents and thin places. She knit new heels and toes in my socks, and she darned and pressed and sponged my old suit 'till it looked like a new one. I kep' a tellin' her I didn't want to take many things, but she went right on fixin' 'em up as if I hadn't spoke. She tucked in warm gloves and mufflers and soft ties and handkerchiefs. She put in paper and envelopes and stamps, and she wrote her address on the envelopes and stamped some of 'em, so I'd be sure and remember to write. When it come time to leave she didn't say much—I guess her heart was too full to speak many words. She jest pressed my hand and smiled through her tears.

“ ‘Good by—be good, Hugh,’ she said. ‘Come back to us soon—God bless you.’ ”

“That was all. Then I passed out of the old gate, and rode down the lane and on into the great West. I looked back once, but a mist blurred my eyes. Mother and the old home faded from view. A great stretch of prairie came between us, and then the years held us apart. At first I didn't intend to stay away so long, but the years jest slipped away 'fore I knew it. I made new friends and learned new lessons and lived in a new world.

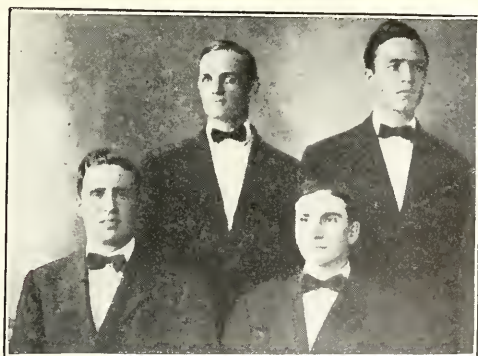
When the buttercups and medder posies would blossom in the spring I'd promise myself a trip home in the fall. But when the

wind whistled through the trees and frisked the red leaves about, and the snow come down in big flakes, I allus felt as if I'd better wait 'til spring. When Christmas time come along I'd allus think of 'em. Sometimes I'd send 'em a check, sometimes a box of trinkets, and sometimes I'd write 'em a letter. But somehow I never went home. I jest kep' a puttin' it off and a puttin' it off—and the years kep' a slippin' by. They jest went along so easy like that a feller hardly realized they was a passin', and after awhile they begun to double up on their selves. I used to get letters from home tellin' me what they was all doin'. They allus told me the most 'bout Birdie Lou, that was my baby sister. She was jest learnin' to talk when I went away. Fer two or three years she had 'em tell me 'bout Santa Claus. She allus wanted me to come home to tell her the Santa Claus story and to write the letter to him. After awhile they quit tellin' me of her pretty baby sayin's, and I knew she could talk plain; but somehow I allus thought of her as my little baby sister. I could see her in her little red apron, with a chubby fist poked in each pocket, comin' a smilin' down the path to the barn to meet me. Then father used to allus send me word of some new work he had to do, and say he needed me to help him. Mother allus asked me when I was comin' home. I used to tell 'em I'd be comin' home soon. In one letter I promised mother I'd be home in time to help her plant her flowers in the spring, and I'd paint the fence for him, and I had a whole book full o' Christmas stories and fairy tales for Birdie Lou.

“But when spring come a whisperin' through the sweet grass and the medder posies, and a singin' in the streams and glintin' the purple mountains, it jest sort o' held me here. And other springs came and went, and still I didn't find my way back. Then, one fall, I guess I got homesick. It jest seemed as if suthin' was a callin' me across them purple mountains and the big gray plain. It jest kep' a callin' and a callin'; but I said to myself, 'Keep still, Hughie, things is all right. Don't be an old fuss.' But it wasn't no use. If I'd go a fishin' down the creek it seemed as if my father was jest up the stream a little way a waitin' fer me; and if I went a huntin' it seemed as if he was a walkin' along side o' me. And he allus seemed to be a waitin' fer me to go with him. Guess I ought to a took the hint and a gone home, but I didn't. The

days slipped along 'till Christmas was jest about here, and then one day a feller come over from the station house with a slip o' yeller paper in his pocket. Soon as I saw that scrap o' paper I knew 'twas fer me, and I knew that suthin' was wrong at home: 'Father very low—come home.' That was all it said. But that was enough, boys. Hosses and trains couldn't go fast enough to take me back to the old home. I didn't send 'em word I was a comin', and so, of course, no one come to meet me. I walked from the station up to the house. My heart beat fast as I neared the old house again. From the time I left the old snow-capped mountains 'till I walked up the little lane, there'd been a prayer in my heart. By night and by day I'd kep' a askin' God to git me there in time. I felt a little strange, too, as I asked him; 'cause all through the years he'd kep' a sayin, to me, 'Better go home this year, Hugh—better go home—the folks are a needin' you.' But I'd kep' waitin' along thinkin' I had plenty o' time. And now I stood at the old gate. It was night time and the lights burned low. I walked slowly up the path, boys, and stepped on the little front porch.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN JANUARY NUMBER.)



ELDERS AT BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Top row, left to right: Ambrose Call, F. Horace Gunn, Conference President. Bottom row: Mayben Fox, Joseph A. Bateman.

Pen Pictures of the Holy Land, From Dan to Beersheba.

BY HAMILTON GARDNER.

II.—Horseback from Nazareth to Jerusalem.

In all the country, "from Dan to Beersheba," there is no part more interesting than that between Nazareth and Jerusalem. Important sites connected with Old and New Testament history are found on every side, and form material of the most absorbing interest for the student of the Bible. The habits and beliefs of the people can be studied in their native simplicity, thus furnishing a splendid idea of Biblical customs, for in many respects the



All the Photos by the Author.

NAZARETH, FROM THE WEST.

country people of Palestine live today in the same manner as at the time of Christ. The land itself is also of great interest—the real rivers, plains and mountains of the Bible—for though man and time have altered the cities, the country remains practically the same.



BEDOUIN WOMEN AT MARY'S WELL,
NAZARETH.

Traveling horseback in Palestine is a novel experience for a Westerner. Instead of the "lope" our horses are able to maintain for hours, "Old Canary," the horse I was luckless enough to ride, could seldom be urged beyond a walk. He was equipped with an English racing saddle which instead of adding to my comfort, as the owner undoubtedly intended, had just the opposite effect. Instead of shoes, the horse had four flat plates of steel nailed to his hoofs—the usual manner of shoeing horses in Palestine. However, this made him none the less sure-footed.

While on this trip we stayed at night at the Oriental khans, or inns. Their function is very different from that of Occidental hotels. For instance, they furnish their guests with nothing but a room, so we had to take most of our food and bedding along with us. The room, too, was always devoid of bedding, except for a raised platform in one end where the traveler slept. The Mohammedan habit of sitting cross-legged on the floor does away with the necessity for much furniture. Also, khans must furnish entertainment not only for two-footed guests, but for four-footed ones as well. (And incidentally I may state that little guests

with even more than four feet are nearly always to be found there.) Thus it often happens that travelers, horses, donkeys and camels stay under the same roof, sometimes separated from each other only by a reed partition.

Our experience with Oriental food was even more unpleasant than with the khans. The natives live on a diet that seemed almost impossible for us to eat. The principal food is Arabian bread, unleavened, and baked in round pieces, about eighteen inches in diameter and a quarter-inch thick. When eaten, it is folded twice, then rolled in a cylindrical form. To make it more palatable, it is sometimes fried in little pieces of sheep's fat. Another favorite dish is "kifti"—wheat boiled for twenty-four hours, and then made into balls with a little meat and fat. "Jogurt" is the universal drink. This is a kind of sour milk mixed with water, and really quenches the thirst admirably. To make a particularly bounteous repast, a native host would serve these dishes and raw onions. It can well be imagined that we gained very little *avoids* from such food.

Traveling through localities where few foreigners ever go, we were naturally regarded as curiosities. Crowds began to follow us whenever we came into a village. One night, I remember, this curiosity almost cost us our supper. We arrived at a town late one evening, and, after obtaining accommodation in a barber-shop, went out to find some supper. One native still had some stewed beans left in his little shop, so we determined to make the best of these, and two pieces of Arab bread. But the curiosity of the people outside rose to such an extent that some of them came in. One man, in order to facilitate his observation of us, came over and leaned on our table. It happened that his hand rested on one of our pieces of bread. As we did not desire to have our bread flavored, we threw that piece away. In spite of our warning, the man's wonder was so great that it was not a minute before his hand was leaving an imprint on the other piece. That left a jug of water and the beans. Imagine our sorrow when, in a short time, another man, thinking his observations would be more accurate if his thirst were allayed, calmly appropriated our jug and drank most of the water. We dined that night on beans.

Most of the people of central Palestine are Mohammedans, and

their religious practices and other customs are very interesting. Each Moslem is supposed to go to the mosque five times every day and say his prayers. He always takes his shoes off when entering, and is required to wash face, hands and feet before beginning his devotions. The prayer is a chapter from the Koran, and is always accompanied by a series of motions. Facing the direction of Mecca, the Moslem first places his hands to the lobes of his ears, and then to his hips. He next kneels down and bends forward twice. Then, placing his hands flat on the floor, he touches his forehead between them. Many of the more fanatical Mohammedans keep this up for hours at a time.



A MOHAMMEDAN AT PRAYER.

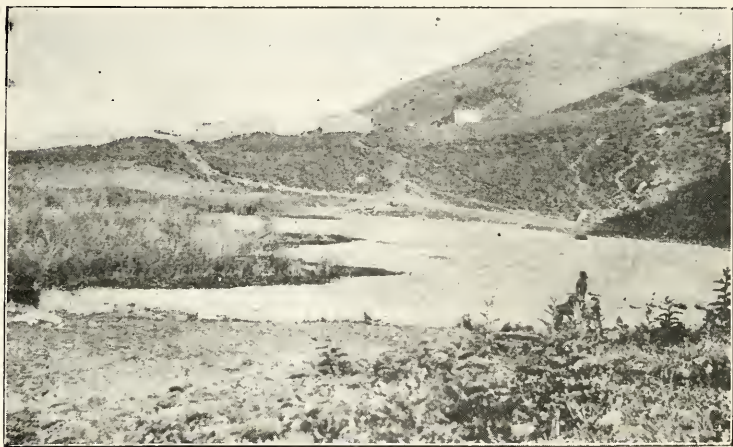
Another interesting phase of Islam life is their treatment of women. Every woman must go veiled from ten years of age till forty-five. No man is supposed to see her face during this time except her husband and blood relations. Her courtship is a most peculiar one. She never sees her husband until the marriage is performed, all arrangements being made by some female relative. Imagine how a young American would like such a custom.

We began our journey one pleasant morning in March, the most beautiful time of the year in Palestine, for it is then that the wild flowers cover the hills with their many-colored blossoms. Leaving Nazareth, with its white houses clustered together in a little bowl-shaped basin among the hills, we climbed the height where it is said the people tried to cast Christ down. Here we had an excellent view of the Plain of Esdraelon, or Jezreel, completely planted in grain and appearing like a waving sea of green. Striking directly across one arm of this plain, we soon reached Nain, the little village where Christ restored the widow's son to life. At this place, as at most of the others I shall mention,

there is nothing left that can be connected with events in Bible history. Nain is nothing more than a miserable Arabian village with mud houses and thatched roofs. The location is naturally the thing of importance.

From Nain we had a splendid view of Mt. Tabor, one of the reputed scenes of Christ's transfiguration. Both Greek and Roman Catholics have locations on its summit, which each avers to be the "exact spot" where this event took place. History seems to show, however, that Mt. Tabor was inhabited at the time of Christ, so the locations hardly harmonize with the scriptural account.

An hour's ride from Nain brought us to the Pool of Gideon. It was at this spring that the soldiers of the Israelitish general,



THE POOL OF GIDEON.

Gideon, underwent a curious test to determine who should fight against the Midianites. "Every one that lappeth at the water with his tongue as a dog lappeth," was to fight in the battle, while "everyone that boweth down upon his knees to drink" was to be left behind. "The number of them that lapped, putting their hands to their mouths, was three hundred men" and with this force Gideon defeated his enemies.

Behind the pool of Gideon are the so-called Mountains of Gilboa—in the West they would be mere hills. Here the battle was fought

between the Israelites and Philistines that resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the former, the death of Jonathan and the suicide of Saul, Israel's first king. David later visited the scene of this conflict, and in that most beautiful eulogy to his friend Jonathan said: "Ye mountains of Gideon, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offering." Now, it is a curious fact that even today, practically no vegetation thrives on these particular hills, while the surrounding country is extremely fertile.

Not far from Gideon's pool is the old village of Jezreel. Here lived King Ahab and Queen Jezebel, who killed Naboth to obtain the vineyard. This unscrupulous woman later met her death here, and her body was torn by dogs, in exact fulfilment of the predictions of Elijah. The prophet himself was here on several occasions.

Towards sunset of the first day, we passed through the village Sulem, the old Shunum. Elijah sometimes resided here at the home of the Shunammite woman, and it was her son that he restored to life.

Next morning our first stop was at the pits of Dothan, the reputed location of the sale of Joseph into Egypt. The pit into which the unfortunate young man was thrown is still pointed out. At present it is filled with water part of the year.



THE PITS OF DOTHAN, WHERE JOSEPH WAS SOLD INTO EGYPT.

We spent most of the afternoon in Sebastiyeh, the old city of Samaria. Naturally, its greatest interest to us lay in its connection with the missionary work of the early Christian church. Philip was successful in making a number of converts here, and, after their baptism, Peter and John came up from Jerusalem to bestow the Holy Ghost on them. Recent excavations in Sebastiyeh have brought to light a number of colonnaded streets, a pagan temple and a circus, presumably erected by Herod to honor Augustus. Samaria was once the capital of the northern kingdom of Israel.

The second night of our trip we were in the interesting old city of Shechem. In early times, Jacob and his sons bought some land from the King of Shechem, and settled near by. Joshua called a general assembly of the tribes here, soon after the conquest of the Promised Land. At this meeting the blessings and curses promised Israel were read from the tops of Mt. Gerizim and Mt. Ebal, which stand near the city. It was at Shechem that the Samaritans had their greatest power, and today there are still one hundred and sixty members of this Jewish sect here. They still adhere to their ancient traditions, but are rapidly dying out.

Not far outside of Shechem is Jacob's well, a seemingly authentic location. Christ had his famous conversation with the woman of Samaria here. The village of Sychar lies about half a mile away on the hillside, and the poor woman cannot be blamed for wanting something that would spare her the laborious task of carrying a heavy jug on her head this distance.

Nearby, on some of the land purchased by Jacob, is shown the traditional site of Joseph's tomb.

From Shechem the road leads through the hills and valleys apportioned to Ephraim, passes near



JACOB'S WELL—SYCHAR IN THE BACKGROUND.

Shiloh, where the Ark of the Covenant was kept, and Bethel, the rocky field where Jacob one night tried the suitability of a stone as a pillow, and then coming into the section assigned to Benjamin, finally reaches Jerusalem. At the end of three and a half days of constant travel we were indeed glad to get sight of the Holy City.

Traveling as we did, we had a good opportunity of getting acquainted with the country. While it may have appeared a promised land to the Israelites, who had been in the wilderness forty years, it certainly does not "flow



ARAB PLOWMAN NEAR SHECHEM.

with milk and honey" now. It is rocky, hilly and poorly supplied with water. In fact, an American who has lived in Jerusalem forty-five years, made this somewhat amusing comment on it: "This must be very good land—it has to be, to hold all the rocks that are on it." In some parts, the hills are terraced to bring them under cultivation. Wheat and a kind of lentils are the chief crops, and there are a number of large olive orchards.

The present methods of agriculture are but little in advance of those in vogue at the time of Abraham. Plowing is still done with oxen and a forked, wooden stick for a plow. Water is carried in jugs and goat-skins, and crops are practically all moved with donkeys. Some of the Jews, who have bought land in Galilee, are using modern scientific methods and implements, and this will probably mean the redemption of the country.

In spite of the inconveniences, I have had no more delightful experience than to become acquainted with the country of the Bible—knowing that it appears now substantially the same as in ancient times. To stand in a place where a certain event took place, take out one's Bible and read, gives an interest and charm worth many sacrifices and hardships. The country is the faith-promoting part of Palestine—not the cities. Christ loved the

country and the open-air, and some of his greatest sermons were preached there—for example, the beatitudes and his sermon from the boat. So, when one is in the solitude of God's beautiful nature, in the country where Christ labored and traveled, his work and life seem more vivid and real than ever before; and his personality and teaching make an impression upon the mind never equalled under other conditions. This experience I regard as the best part of my trip from Nazareth to Jerusalem.

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH.

God's Love.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Think not to God we are too small,
Or that he does not know our name;
Nor that he cannot hear our call—
His love forever is the same.
O be content! he knows us well,
Each little world of heart and brain;
A part of him, we need not tell,
Our every sorrow, grief or pain.

Oft would we burst the prison wall,
That holds our lives within,
But that his love is over all,
Our trembling hearts to draw to him.
Then, O my soul, thou shalt be glad!
No more be tempest tossed, nor moan;
In all the world let none be sad,
For lo, the King comes to his own!

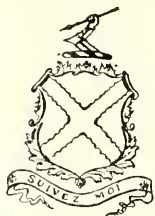
LYDIA D. ALDER.

When Life Was Young.

Dedicated to Justus W. Seeley II., on his Sixtieth
Birthday.

BY SARAH E. H. PEARSON.

[The Coat of Arms published herewith is the crest of the Hawley family, of which the author is a member, and appears, I believe, for the first time in print, in Utah, to arouse interest among the members of said family in the genealogical history, both in the little book, *House of Hawley*, as well as the records, containing over seven thousand names, now in the hands of the Utah Genealogical Society. Jacob C. Hawley, of Oasis, Utah, recent missionary in Michigan, has, I believe, been largely instrumental in placing the records and gathering new data.—S. E. H. P.]



When life was young, its kingship all before you,
Its untried paths with bloom and beauty hung,
Those were the days when as a child I knew you
And Annie—sweet companion you had won.
Watched with a child's unjealous admiration
The wildrose bloom upon her glowing cheek,
As your fond eyes taught Love's initiation,
And hers replied with lustre mild and meek.

The years are long since then, Time's pathway leading
Through dewy morn, with its lush grass and flowers,
On to the mountain top, the hour glass reading
The flush of noon through intertwining hours,
The pathway rugged oft, and steep for climbing,
Oft wind-swept, snow-bedecked, or burning sand,

To you—subduers of the wilds of nature—
Grim civilizers of that cliff-bound land—
Homes, trees by running streams, and orchards ripening,
Erstwhile refresh your footsore, toiling band.

Just twice I saw you 'midst those early struggles,
And Rogers asked me, with a sneer, your plight,
Laughed scornfully at prophesied successes;
Fore-claimed for you the certain losing fight.
“I know the place,” he said. “Such desolation!
I rode that country through the Indian raids.
Coyotes and rattlers! End of earth's creation!
The world's *debris* thrown next the Gate of Hades!”

As leaders' foretime saw their homes in vision,
The furrows, plants and trees before they grew,
So later seers saw other fields elysian
Spring, through their toil and faith, to actual view.—
Well I recall that first, rude, one-roomed cabin,
A visit from a young, unhappy wife,
The bread of kindness loving hands extended,
Mute sympathy that was the wine of life.

Well I recall the letter on the mantle,
My shiver as the postmark stared at me;
It was from home! Could there be aught the matter?
My wishing eyes would pierce the seal to see.
I turned a startled gaze to Annie, seeing
Eyes brooding mystic message to be read;
But quivering lips vouchsafed no explanation—
How could she tell me that my love was dead!

The letter was her own. I put it from me,
Thrust forth the memory of it from my mind;
I *would not* let intruding thoughts crowd on me.
To pale-faced Fear I cried, “Get thee behind!
Life hath too much of gaunt, despairing sorrow—
Presaged, the lifelong path of agony!
Papa, we'll laugh the ghosts away—to-morrow.”
(Oh, in thy neck to hide my tears today!)

I'll feel my father's rapturous arms—to-morrow
Bask in his loving, understanding smile,

And know I could not from the angels borrow
More happiness than shall be mine—the while.
I'll tell him of my wanderings, and double
The dreams wherein I stumbled through the dark;
When mother's shade was guide through stress and trouble,
And always led me t'ward a shining mark.

Then, in my dream, I saw them both, at even,
Walk hand in hand, and marveled as I smiled;
My sweet young mother, lo, for years in heaven,
And father, darling, *here* with *me* the while.
No, *that* part of my dream is out of reason!
(What matter tidings that the letter gave!)
So, trusting, I returned home—just in season,
To cry my heart out on my father's grave.

These are the flashlights thrown upon the canvas
From memory—pictures of the long ago,
The blue and gold of youth, and hope, and gladness,
Grey days of toil, of sober thought, of woe.
These are the ties that bind us to each other,
That hold the present handclasp warm and true;
Insures the valid title, sister and brother;
Growth of the soul insures, by balm and rue.

Our hill of life is now in its declining,
Care's silver frosts our hair: we're growing old;
And warp and woof of life, of God's designing,
Shows sorrow's filling midst its cloth of gold.
You in the limelight—I along the shadow—
Both striving, where God placed us, true to be.
I know thy worth, thy friendship's loving service,
Thy tenderness, and thine integrity.

Long may'st thou live, to gather life's best blessings,
And long enjoy the vigor of thy youth.
Long may thy hand dispense thy meed of plenty,
Thy influence be cast for God and Truth.
Mellow and golden be thine age, surrounded
By peace and kindred, far from world's alarms;
And, like a sheaf of ripened wheat, be garnered,
Celestial fruitage to thy Master's arms.

By Way of Miracle.

A Common Sense Story with a Christmas Ending.

BY JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

Haskins turned from his sixth inventory of the shelves opposite, and explored the three-by-six show-case under his elbow. There was the assortment familiar to him from his round of many country towns: cards of cheap china buttons, boxes of Clark's O. N. T., and strips of glazed pasteboard filled with hooks-and-eyes, mingled indiscriminately with pocket-knives, bottles of cheap perfume, gaudy vases and other "fancy staples." He traced, with forced attention, the design on a pair of gingerbread-yellow baby shoes, stitched with white cotton and finished with rosettes of cotton baby-ribbon. These, and the box of plaid pen-holders, began strangely to mix themselves together.

Haskins caught himself suddenly, and sat up with a start. The narrow doorway had darkened, and the little girl who had sat, with placid perseverance, on her camp-stool back by the delaine counter, "minding store," came forward and measured out a half-pound of white beans for her customer—the first, Haskins remembered, in the hour he had waited for Brookes to come back.

The woman went out, and Haskins watched her taking her way across the dusty road, shielding her head with her apron from the blazing sun. She disappeared in a dwelling house adjoining the blacksmith shop opposite, from whence came the sounds of horses' hoofs stamping, and the clamp of iron on the smith's forge. A small boy came outside of the produce store next door, and stood with eager face watching the antics of the unmanageable horse. Little things stood for excitement in Pilute.

The shop-girl, a child of thirteen years, disappeared through the little passage way leading into the family living rooms, and Haskins went back into the cooler dimness and sat down on the camp-stool she had left vacant, leaning his head back against the folds of delaine on the counter. A bee buzzed through the open doorway, circled the arc of light about it, and whizzed out. A wagon clattered down the wide street outside, diverting the small boy's attention for a space from the quadruped in the smithy. A blue fly hummed angrily from the tight-lidded ham-screen, and dabbed blindly into a stream of sticky liquid pasted on the molasses-keg. Presently the mouse, which had peeped from a tiny opening in the counter behind Haskins, disappeared nimbly, at sound of footsteps at the front door.

"Hullo, Haskins! Brookes turned up yet?"

Haskins rubbed his eyes. "Nope. They think maybe he will stay over till tomorrow. A cattle deal on, I understand."

"If that's right, I'm going to clear out! Another day in this berg will put me into a permanent doze. Come on, Haskins—we can make the town on our way back—better luck, too, maybe."

"Can't afford to pull out now. I've a bill of goods all but settled for."

"Huh! Thought you just told me the proprietor was out of town."

"Sure! But the daughter's the firm in this shop. She looks over samples and selects goods, and father O K's her choice and signs checks."

"Daughter?" said the other, brightening. He was plump, and smooth-shaven, with a suspicious film of white on his pinkish-brown cheeks.

"No go, Peters," said Haskins, feebly grinning. "Little, faded-out old maid—forty or nearby, I reckon. Smart, though, as steel tacks. Runs the store—and the family, too, I imagine, without their knowing it. Father thinks she's just women-folks—and I guess she thinks so, too. She's business, though, all right!"

"Then why in—"

"Happened to get my chance while you were over at Binkley's. She's in there, now, nursing a sick child."

“Wonder if I’d better ask to see her?”

Haskins pointed to a row of shelves.

“See those two jars? That’s their limit of stock in your lines.”

“Has been, you mean. I’m going to fill that empty shelf with choice greens and Oolongs, and breakfast teas, together with mixed Mochas and Javas—before the other drummers arrive.”

“It isn’t a question of competition, Peters. It’s just that you are in the wrong town.”

“Speak English, Haskins—and out loud. I’m no linguist nor mind-reader.”

“It’s what the other tea specialists call a ‘Word of Wisdom’ town. Two-thirds of the population cut out coffee and other stimulants—from tea, to toddy and tobacco.”

Peters looked intelligent. “Dry!” he ejaculated.

“Not quite,” prompted Haskins. “There’s a saloon down street kept specially for travelers.”

Peters looked conscious, then frowned.

“Don’t spring puzzles a day like this, Haskins. The thermometer—”

“It’s simple as the alphabet. They leave stimulants alone because they think it keeps them healthy.”

“Well, as far as liquor is concerned, they may be right; but tea and coffee—”

“Remember the rules, back there in the Battle Creek Sanitarium, when you laid up for repairs? Made you cut out tea and coffee there—you remember—and gave you scientific reasons for doing it.”

“Yes; but, as you say, I was there for repairs. Healthy people don’t need a regime.”

“The ‘Mormons’ claim we wouldn’t need repairs if we cut out all stimulants,” explained Haskins. “The Battle Creek people and a lot of other scientists, you know, say the same thing. Well, the ‘Mormons’ claim they had that same knowledge seventy or eighty years ago, by revelation, which the scientists are learning now by research and experiment.”

“You mean to tell me no ‘Mormon’ drinks tea or coffee?”

“A lot of them do both; but the straight ‘Mormon’—the one

who lives his religion—will never touch either. It is a principle with them, known as the ‘Word of Wisdom;’ and the man or woman who indulges in stimulants is breaking a rule of ‘Mormon’ doctrine.”

“Moses in Egypt!” said Peters, staring helplessly. “It’s a blooming poor prospect for a tea specialist! I’ve heard of temperance towns—but tea and coffee! I might as well skip the state, if the majority of its people look at it that way. All the other towns carry a jar apiece, Haskins!”

“The larger ones carry full lines, I imagine. Population about evenly divided. Besides, as I said before, all ‘Mormons’ don’t keep the ‘Word of Wisdom.’ It’s a matter of individual conscience—not compulsion. A lot more are keeping it since the Battle Creek people have proved the Lord’s word to be scientifically correct.”

“I guess Pilute is pretty much converted, if that’s all its chief grocery needs to keep in stock.”

Peters looked disconsolately at the two samples on the shelf, and stood up.

“It’s so-long for me, Haskins. I might as well make the 4:30 train.”

Haskins rose with a prolonged yawn.

“Wait a minute—I’ll escort you to the depot. Martyr-stunt, too—this June sun is as hot as August.”

Esther Brookes came from the little passage-way, behind the cheese-crate, and looked after the two men lounging down the road. Her high brow was drawn in a frown, which made three distinct wrinkles across its surface, and the half shut lids through which she looked, made her eyes seem glazed and small. In the warm stillness the footsteps of the two men sounded distinctly down the board walk to the depot.

Esther walked back to the stool and sat down. Her back ached, and she realized for the first time today that she was tired. For two hours past she had alternated hot vinegar poultices on the baby’s back, with “spells” of hard rubbing, and it had left her weak-kneed and aching. She felt almost as old as the drummer had said she was. “Forty!” and “little and faded out!” Well, the last might be true, but the first!—she would like them both to

know what a joke that was—how many years between her and Haskins' guess. It did not matter much, though. Life would go on much the same in those unexperienced years. Perhaps she was really old now, in a way, as she would be then. For all that she would like Haskins to know. She had always liked him rather, because her father had said, when Haskins made Pilute before, that he was a "clean man;" and because Effie Phillips, who had gotten her "name up" for flirting with drummers, had said once that "Haskins must be dead struck on his wife—or somebody at home—for he wouldn't flirt with a girl for a farm."

Effie's testimony, in its way, was a tribute to her father's judgment, and had made Esther feel safe in being companionable with the "drummer." There was a morbid dread in her of seeming to be "setting her cap" for any one; and she had learned, from the narrow judgment of others, to repress her own instinct for sociability, lest she earn an unjust reputation as "running after a beau."

She would like Haskins to know, though, about that funny mistake of his. It was a world-old feminine impulse stirring in her, under a consciousness heaped with debris of vinegar-kegs and bolts of delaine. Forty? Not yet!

What did it matter, though, after all? She would go on just the same in those years between, alternating pint and quart measures at the molasses and vinegar kegs, and selling extra orders of perfume and glass vases at Christmas time. No one would know or care if she were forty or fourteen, so long as the jugs and scales measured even weight, and her father's books showed the year's balance on the right side.

She laid it to the pain in her side—that sudden rush of sick revulsion. How long she had been at it—the storekeeping—and all the rest! She must have measured rivers of vinegar in the years she had been at the task—and miles of calico and delaine. There would be endless streams and miles yet to put into endless jugs, and upon ever-multiplying backs. If she could only go away from it all for a week or a month!

The desire was novel with Esther. Once she had gone with father and the rest of the family for a week's stay in the canyon. They had camped out, and Esther's memory of the experience

was a jumble of fretful children, uncomfortable cots under close tents, bugs, mosquitoes—and a brooding fear of snakes. It had been a wild relief to get back to the sane comfort of clean beds, and tablecloths and antless food, and she had never indulged a desire since to renew her holiday. That there might be brighter offerings in the tabooed word did not occur to her. Life in Pilute moved in even grooves.

Esther rose and went to the rear of the store where a group of cheap mirrors hung on the wall. Taking one down she wiped the dust from the surface, and studied her reflection. "Little and faded out!" It was not an unapt description, she told herself—swallowing a lump in her throat—and one could hardly be blamed for mistaking her age. Her thick red hair, drawn back severely from a too high brow, and brought low in her neck in a big "bob," made her look matronly, while the dull, indigo hues of her cheap print gown brought out all the sallow tones in her thin face. She had always dressed in indigos, for economy's sake. The color wore well, and did not show stains. Once she had spoken for a bright challis that had come into stock, a single dress pattern, and something in her had yearned for this gay gown, which could not be duplicated—at least in Pilute. She had kept it for best, never putting it on without torment, for all her bright anticipation in its enjoyment—for the majenta in its groundwork had wrought worse havoc with her dull skin and red hair than even the indigos, and though she wore it to its finish, with Indian stoicism, pain had accompanied the ordeal—that had quite shut out further ambition for personal adornment. As with her one holiday, she did not sense that exquisite gradations of hue—as of happiness—lay between.

She hung the mirror back on the wall and sank, with a tired listlessness, on the camp stool. Suddenly, with the physical relaxation, something within her gave way. With her head against the delaines she sat and sobbed without restraint.

Haskins walked up the board walk from the station, his hat held high above his perspiring forehead. He stopped at the narrow street leading to the Pilute "hotel," but turned aside at thought of the close little room under the eaves, and the still less inviting parlor, with its noisy children and ceaseless tang of the piano. The Brookes' grocery was an idyllic spot in comparison

to either, and he went gratefully indoors, willing to enjoy the luxury of a camp-stool till definite word came of the proprietor.

He did not see Esther's stealthy flight to the telephone as he walked back, but caught a half view of her as she stood behind the cheese-crate. Her cheek, visible to Haskins, was flushed and stained, and the voice that came audibly, to him was queerly tremulous. She was talking into the mouthpiece, but the receiver, which was invisible to Haskins, hung on its hook.

"No, Ellen," came Esther's voice, in a suspiciously high-pitched tone, "you are—you are—fooled about—my age. I really—am not forty. I've got several years yet to reach that mark—even if—"

There was a lull, following a distinct break in Esther's voice.

Haskins met the gaze she turned on him rather unsteadily. Could she have heard his idle words? But no—the face she turned on him, though visibly disturbed by recent distress, was not unfriendly.

She walked over and met his eyes with the frank gaze he had before noted and liked.

"I'm sorry Pa is so long, Mr. Haskins; but it's about sure he'll sign for that bill of goods—and if you'd like to make Banville with your friend, and call here on your way back, it will be just the same. I—we won't let anybody else in on your chance."

"Thank you—thanks!" said Haskins, a little embarrassed. Her voice, usually so cool, and prim and business-like, seemed altogether strange with that childish tremor, and he felt almost as if some show of sympathy were needed. She turned into the little passageway directly, however, and Haskins, with distinct relief at his easy task and hasty departure, ran to try for the luckily delayed train.

Amos Brookes came home that night in jubilant spirits.

"I'm a clear five thousand to the good on the cattle deal," he said, "and with that and the year's store profits, I can afford to branch out a little in the business. When that dry-goods drummer comes along from Salt Lake, I guess I'll let him put me in a line of fancy silks. There's no need of our townspeople putting their money into the city stores at Conference time, if they can find just as good at home."

"It will be a heap safer to select from the city stores for the stock, father," said Esther rather eagerly. "If I could go up myself, I could look around and get the pick of half a dozen firms, instead of from just one line of samples."

Amos looked at her, and then acquiesced, as usual, with Esther's judgment.

"I don't know but that you're right. You can stay with Aunt Ellen while you're up there; she's been asking for a long while to have you come up for a visit."

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"I want you to stay over tomorrow, dear, and see the play at the theatre. They say it's real laughable. That's about the only kind I care for nowadays—something to wipe out sad memories. When our lives get filled up with real cares, we need something opposite for our recreation. The play? It's something about—'Aunt Mary'—a long word, I can't recall it. We'll go and have a good laugh, if there's one in it."

They had seats in the front row of the family circle, and Esther looked down at the boxes, and stalls and parquet seats filled with daintily-dressed young girls, with a sensation as of being in a different world. Music and light, and a new realm of young girlhood in that picture—a world, if eye-evidence might be trusted, filled with light hearts and happiness. Esther had hardly sensed the half-meaning of that word; she had her first dim definition of it in the vision of this seemingly care-free humanity.

"The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." She could not pronounce the long name, even; but its meaning spelled itself out in the successive acts. Prim, old-fashioned Aunt Mary, set in grooves of narrow living, was a changed being under influences of cheer, pleasure and care-freeness.

Esther's breath came in queer, fierce little gasps. What if something like that came into her life—could anything "rejuvenate" her—"little faded old maid!"

She began to lose sentences and points in the play, in mental pictures which had taken hold of her. "Aunt Mary,"—a real entity to her—became Esther Brookes in fancy. If change of scene and thought could make one young and bright and happy—but it was all a play—that other—she urged, waking up regretfully from

her dreams. Nothing like that could happen in real life. Not that she wanted to do the lively and exaggerated things that "Aunt Mary" stood for—but just to have relief from the dull home tasks she had known so long!

That night she crept into her aunt's bedroom, and said something in a choked voice.

"Stay?" cried Aunt Ellen. "Why indeed you shall, child! I've asked Amos again and again to let you come up and spend a year or so with me. It never seemed right to me that you should stay down there and take the burden of that store and house on your shoulders. I saw just how it was the time I spent Thanksgiving down there. You needn't do a thing, dear. I'll just write to Amos and tell him I'm going to keep you up here to live with me for awhile—and I'll tell him to send a big enough check out of that last big cattle deal of his to give you a right happy time. You go to sleep, now, Honey, and I'll fix it. Amos is as good as gold, only he needs to have his eyes opened to the fact that there's something more in the world to think of than just getting and saving."

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Haskins, sitting with Peters on one of the benches at the Pavilion, watched the dancers with indifferent interest, save as an unusually awkward pair wakened an instant's laughable attention. Then, suddenly, his eyes fastened on a trim figure whirling about the big hall. It was simply, but stylishly garbed, in black and white dotted muslin, with bows of black velvet ribbon here and there, making what Haskins called a "classy" gown. It was not this, though, which held him. A remembered visage, surely, yet unfamiliar, too; a bright, rose-cheeked face, with wavy hair of the red that goes with certain peach-bloom complexions.

Where had he seen it? He appealed to Peters, but that crony answered after his wont:

"Don't think I've seen her before—I usually know the location of a pretty girl. Mighty fine looker, wherever she belongs!"

A few moments later they strolled around the pavilion to go to the restaurant, and met a little group who had just left the dancing floor.

"How do you do, Mr. Haskins?"

A hand was outstretched, and Haskins, whose unconsciously searching gaze had brought the recognition, still stared, perplexed, at the face raised in frank friendliness to his.

"Pardon me, Miss—Miss—"

"I'm Amos Brookes' daughter, down at Pilute," she smiled. "I selected some goods from you about a year ago, you know."

Haskins stared helplessly. This trim, bright looking little creature the faded, frowsy, old-maidish girl, in her soiled gown, who had surprised him with her shrewd business interest and good sense!

He murmured a few words stumblingly before another partner claimed her—and then was pulled away by Peters, who spoke with rather a resentful tone.

"I half guessed you had something up your sleeve down there in Pilute," he said. "Thought it was strange doings for a girl to be head of that concern down there. Wonder if she hadn't been in the way if I couldn't have sold a sample or two of tea and coffee? 'Word of Wisdom,' eh? Well, I guess you thought the word you gave me down there was wisdom, sure enough! Piggish, I call it, though."

Haskins laughed shortly. If Peters had only seen her then!

He went back again presently, and after a short search sought her out. He had not danced for five years—Constance's death had changed everything for him. He had felt almost like an old man—too old and too sad to think of pleasure in any form. Now—well, he owed something to that clever girl—an apology of some kind for his sarcastic appreciation of her plain ugliness—whether she had overheard or not. Besides, he wanted to make sure. That dwarfed little girl down in Pilute—it savored of the uncanny!

He found himself surprisingly light on his feet, for a man who had abjured dancing for all time. Was it the music, or the girl with her light touch and step that made him feel its sense?

She could certainly dance—that girl! Haskins was sorry when the two-step came to an end. He did not essay to introduce Peters, much to that gallant's wrath, but surrendered her to the young man who came up claiming the coming waltz. She was

with the Mutual Improvement Association she had told him, and this repeated to Peters, who was unused to the local atmosphere, had a somewhat repressive effect.

"If it's a Y. W. C. A. proposition, I guess I'll have to give in. But it's another sample of your porcine proclivities, Haskins—and I'll be on guard with you after this. The next time you try to put me off with an old maid story, I'll stay on the premises till I've proved if it's a personal 'Word of Wisdom' or a religious one that makes you shy on companionship."

Haskins went home, but not to sleep. He had never seen eyes that had appealed to him so much since Constance's. Frank, yet a little wistful—and that deep, dark gray he had always liked. Amos Brooke's daughter—and Pilute!

His mother kept house for him in a pretty bungalow he had built when he was first married, and she came to the door presently, wakened by the light from his transom.

"What is it, Don, dear? Not in trouble, I hope?"

"Trouble, mother? Not a bit. I've spent the first bright hours tonight I've known in five years!"

"Thank heaven for that, dear! I've prayed night and day that something might come into your life to brighten it. I hope it may last forever!"

Forever? Haskins lay awake a long time and thought.

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The long, warm summer was nearing its close. It was nearly midnight as Haskins came up the walk, but his mother met him on the front porch. The moon made it bright almost as daylight, and she saw the tense, bitter look in her son's face.

"What is it, Don?"

The voice was quiet, but insistent, and Don, as was his wont, answered its plea.

"What I might have expected, mother. I simply made the mistake of thinking her broad enough to let love take the place of creed—or at least to let me within the pale of her charity."

He sat down on the step, beside her chair which sat near.

"You mustn't call it narrow, dear—her devotion to her religion. Remember she has been brought up in it—it is meat and drink to her. Constituted as she is, to deprive her of it would

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be like taking away air, food, water. She would shrivel up and fade out."

"I'm not asking her to give up anything, mother. I told her she could live her life, I mine."

"But with Esther, her life would be yours, and yours hers. Don't you see the daily jar and fret for her—that freedom you would wish? For her, with her convictions, the "apart" plan would mean torment."

"She tried to make me see it; but I told her, finally, she probably would get enough satisfaction out of her self-righteousness to fill her life, even if nothing more came into it."

"Don!"

"Oh, I'm sick of it, mother—the cant, and narrowness that won't make allowances for a mere differing viewpoint."

"But that difference to her, Don, means a matter of eternal moment. You must try and be broad enough to see her side, and make the allowance you ask for your own views."

"Well, we won't waste time going over the old ground. I've said goodby to Esther—forever!"

"Don!"

"That little girl seemed to fill a void that has never been filled before. I mistook her character, that's all."

"Then she does not—"

"Oh, she confessed to caring for me—it's that which hurts. I can't talk about it, mother—it brings back things I've been trying for her sake to crowd out of my mind. But there—it's all useless, and besides, it's after midnight. Time for you to be asleep."

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Esther sat alone in the little tower, watching purple shadows play on the lake islands, and the big green waves race in from the west. The couple outside on the bench had not noted her, and it was only when her own name came to her that her attention reverted to them.

"Esther Brookes? Oh, I guess it's all settled between her and Earl Jamison. They are together almost always now. Don Haskins? Yes, for a while; but he's too much of an outsider for a girl like Esther to consider seriously. She is straight 'Mormon'

all through. Yes, his parents are. Don was sidetracked—by chance, I've always said—sometime in his boyhood. Like all healthy youngsters, Don liked pranks. One of them went a little too far, and a ward official, in the little country town where he then lived, made the mistake of punishing him in a way strict enough to have fitted a capital crime. Denounced the lad by name in his own presence and his parent's, in open meeting; predicted the gallows, and called him a disgrace to the Church. Don has never looked inside of a meetinghouse since. Every year added weight to his grievance. The country ward and its concave official became a symbol in his mind of the whole Church. His sense of injustice kept him from seeing that the official was only one of a big body which held natures differing from each other as the suns differ from the stars. He began to associate with outsiders—the kind that take care to nurse his kind of a grievance. In that way he has just drifted away. I've always said if it had not been for the unwise 'stunt' of that country counselor, Don would have been in the Church today, and, moreover, a shining light in it."

The conversation changed, and the couple, after a moment, went away. The clouds that had been lying low in the eastern sky drifted in gigantic pillars to the horizon, and the wind which had been in the west shifted, as if seeking support from the great, moving mass. It made a circular whirlwind of the little tower, and Esther made her way down stairs to seek a more peaceful spot.

The same wind which had driven Esther from her aerie, brought Haskins from the city. It had blown there with a gusto in accord with his own thoughts, and he had taken the train for Saltair to mingle his own mood with the elements, which here had double play in air and wave. He had expected the dark day to keep people away from the resort, but a large crowd had been drawn by advertisement of the evening's fireworks. The waves rolled almost even with the pavilion floor, and after a brief fight with them, Haskins, with other bathers, retired. Brine as a shower, or inward draught, is not alluring. Sheltered in a nook from the strong east wind, Haskins watched the angry lake and sky. Someone beside him spoke.

"There's Ebler taking his load of fireworks out to the platform, to set for tonight."

"Risky, in this high wind."

"Oh, a raft's all right. Can't capsize, you know."

"Wouldn't care to take chances, myself. By George! There's a girl on that raft—see, behind the pile of fireworks."

"Guess it's Miss Brookes. She's a distant relative of Ebler's. I've seen her ride out with him before."

Haskins looked. Esther's face, turned westward, caught the reflection of the lurid sun, now low in the sky. She was watching the green waves roll away in front of the raft, with genuine enjoyment.

"She's brave, all right!"

Yes, Haskins knew that. He had seen her courage manifested in many ways during his year's courtship. If only it had been along other lines!

It was a struggle out there with the raft. It took the full strength of the two men to row it to the platform, a hundred yards away from the pavilion. One of them climbed, finally, on to its floor, and the other tried to throw him a rope for the raft's moorings. Just then a long, green wave that had rolled in from afar, lifted the frail craft and dashed it against the uprights. There was a crash, and a roar, and then from the little raft came a burst of flame, spitting, leaping and writhing like venomous snakes. The man on the raft jumped, caught the edge of the platform, and hung, till Ebler's hand drew him to safety; but the impact of his leap had been tragical to the raft. Pushed from the platform, and caught by the racing waves, it drifted away, its surface a wall of spurting fire. Between the flashes, they saw the slender form of the girl, upright and motionless, between the lurid panels of crimson fire and sky.

Warning voices called Haskins back, but the oars—already in his hands—soon took him beyond their sound. He sensed only one thing—the moving thing of flame drifting to the horizon, and the silhouette of the slender form outlined in the double glow. The great waves aided him, lifting his boat, and bearing it swiftly in their mad race. But the raft raced, too, and Haskins' heart was heavy with deadly fear. What chance for her

holding out, with the foothold beneath her lapped by that unquenchable flame! Speeding along, he watched the dark outline of her form hungrily. Any moment she might be tempted to plunge into the seething brine. No hope for her, once this should happen!

On and on he sped, his oars serving to guide and even to impel the boat. It seemed to him that the raft before him grew dimmer—was it receding, then, so much swifter than he chased—or was it that the flames were dying down? If that were true, it meant destruction of the raft—nothing but that. Still, as he looked, he fancied there still stood against the lurid sky that slender silhouette. His stroke, trained in his Ann Arbor days, took him near. The raft showed now a low-lying bar of flame there in the distance, but the form—the form had vanished! Haskins groaned, then tore like a madman at the oars.

It was not till he had rounded the dwindling bar of flame that he saw her—her hands grasping the last of the uncharred poles of the raft.

“I—I must have second sight, or something,” she whispered, with a smile as she saw him. “Something seemed to tell me—long ago—it—it was you!”

They landed in a bit of bay, on the shore, and Haskins helped her wring the soaked skirts before putting her in a sheltered niche in the cliff.

They sat silent while watching the play of waves, and fading glare of gold along their crests.

“I can’t think what I’ve done to deserve this chance,” said Esther at last. “I thought out there, before I saw the boat, that it was all over, and that you would never know. That seemed harder to me than—than what seemed to be coming.”

Don turned to look at her white face. “You mustn’t speak in riddles, now—I was never clever nor patient.”

She laid her hand on his. “The riddles are all ended, Don. I couldn’t sense my way before, but today something has happened to open my eyes. If my life can be anything to you, I want you to take it.”

Don’s face hardened. “You mean that I am to take it in pay for this? I am not a usurer.”

“It is others who have been that. They took heavy toll from

you, "poor Don—it is that I want you to let me make up for."

"Esther!" said Don.

"I would like to commence tomorrow, or even today, if I might; but there are other things—Aunt Ellen, you know, and the trip. She has set her heart on it, that I should go with her, and I owe her too much to disappoint her wish. When we come back—"

"You will marry me, Esther, freely, without reserve?"

"I can get my trousseau ready, you know, while I am away. We will be back in December, and then—"

But the rest was smothered in the dusk.

* * * * *

The Haskins bungalow was bright with evergreen and holly, wreathed in window and porch, on mantle and picture frame.

"Can't think what you are setting up a Christmas tree for," said Janet Haskins' neighbor, looking in at late afternoon.

"Esther's family will be here to celebrate with us, you know. We felt it would be just the thing since there was no wedding."

"Seemed kind of funny to me, her wanting to go to that forsaken little town for the honeymoon."

"It's her home, you know, and she met Don there."

"Yes, but the mystery is where they would put company in that little back shanty they live in. It's only a wing of the store, you know."

"Why, dear soul! Amos built a fine new house there this summer, in the big lot adjoining the shop."

"Amos Brookes! I'd have to see it—roof to cellar—to believe. Of all the close-fisted—"

"He has wakened from that nightmare. Esther has made him see that the good of money is its right use, and that if it does not go to enrich his own and his family's and his neighbor's living, it might as well lay unsought in the mine or sea. It is a hard lesson for some of us to learn—that right use of the means we are blest with—that happy medium between wastefulness and usefulness. That last word means so much."

"Well, it seems most like a miracle to think of Amos—but my! when you think of your Don going into the temple to be married—it looks like Esther could do all kinds of miracles herself."

"Only the miracles that human love and trust can always do. It's just the old story of patience and charity put to actual test. I always felt that once some new influence came into Don's life, to turn his thought from the old bitter channels, he would see the truth."

"Well, it has seemed to make him happy—for if ever a man was made over new, it is Don—since he was engaged to Esther. I never liked his being in the drummer business. It takes a man away from home too much."

"Yes, but thank heaven that's over, too. It was a desperate remedy for a desperate condition of mind and of finance, after Constance died, you know. Now he's in business, and life has begun over—ah, there they come!"

"That's right, Mrs. Haskins, you go out and meet them, and I'll baste that turkey, and take out those mince pies. I declare—if that ain't Amos' second daughter—most grewed up, I'll be bound—for all her looking so little and faded out."

"She's just starved, Ellen. We are going to have her up here for awhile after the holidays. Esther wants her to have a change. You know there is not much to keep young folks interested in a country store, and Esther—"

"Merry Christmas, mother!"

It was Don and Esther's voices together; and in a moment she was in a co-operative hug which took her breath.

"I was just saying, Esther," said Ellen, "that your sister looks now just as you did when—"

"When I met my fate," said Esther, turning to Don with a queer smile. "Little, faded, and forty."

Don took her hand. "You heard, that day, little girl," he said soberly. "To think that I could hurt you!"

"Hurt!" echoed Esther, indignantly. "It changed my whole life—made me realize that I cared for the things I have won. It has been like a miracle!"

"A double one!" said Don.

"There's a Trismas tree!" piped one of the tiny Brookeses, who came trooping in.

"A Merry Christmas!" chimed the older ones from the doorway. And so the new life began.

(THE END.)

Joseph Smith, a Prophet of God.

BY ELDER GEORGE W. CROCKWELL.

II.

To Brigham Young has been given the honor—and that rightfully—of leading the Latter-day Saints to the Rocky mountains and locating them in the valley of the Great Salt Lake. I would not detract one iota from the honor of that great leader of Latter-day Israel, nor will it belittle him in the least to show that he was an instrument in the hands of God, and used by him, to fulfil a prophecy made years before by Joseph Smith.

In the month of December, 1830, in a revelation given to Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon, Doctrine and Covenants 35: 24, is the following commandment of the Lord:

Keep all the commandments and covenants by which ye are bound; and I will cause the heavens to shake for your good, and Satan shall tremble and Zion shall rejoice upon the hills and flourish.

Again, in a revelation given at Kirtland, Ohio, in 1831, Doctrine and Covenants 49: 25:

Zion shall flourish upon the hills and rejoice upon the mountains, and shall be assembled together unto the place which I have appointed.

In the *History of Joseph Smith* is this prophecy, made August 6, 1842:

I prophesied that the Saints should continue to suffer much affliction, and would be driven to the Rocky mountains; many would apostatize, others would be put to death by our persecutors, or lose their lives in consequence of exposure and disease, and some of you will go and assist in making settlements and building cities, and see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky mountains.

Also this from his history:

February 20, 1844, at a meeting of the twelve apostles, I instructed them to send out a delegation and investigate the locations of California and Oregon, to hunt out a good location where we might remove after the temple is completed.

The temple mentioned was the temple at Nauvoo. By referring to his history we find these words:

On February 25, 1844, I prophesied that within five years we should be out of the power of our enemies, and told the brethren to record it; and when it came to pass, they need not say they had forgotten the saying.

This, you will understand, was written three years before the exodus from Nauvoo to the Rocky mountains. The prophet, in the meantime, had suffered martyrdom, but his death did not prevent the fulfilment of the prophecy. One of his last acts, as recorded in his history, was as follows:

On March 26, 1844, Joseph Smith addressed a memorial to Congress, asking for authority to raise a company of one hundred thousand to proceed to the west and open up the vast regions to settlement.

At this time, all that portion of the United States west of the Mississippi was a barren waste, and uninhabited, untrodden by the foot of man, save by a few hardy adventurers, trappers and roving bands of American Indians. It was called the Great American Desert, and deemed of no value and unfit for habitation.

With these facts and prophecies before us, who will dare to say that Joseph Smith, with prophetic eye, did not look forward to the removal of the Saints to the west? His every act shows that this subject of removing to the Rocky mountains, as the future refuge of his people, was indelibly stamped on his mind.

For proof of this prophecy, made August 6, 1842, of which I requote this portion, "Some of you will go and assist in making settlements and building cities, and see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky mountains," one has only to go to Utah, Arizona or Idaho, to see the splendid chain of settlements, cities and towns that have been built by the Latter-day Saints, and one can see that this has been literally fulfilled. They have become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky mountains. In fact, a man may truthfully claim that the chain extends from Old Mexico, on the south, to Canada, on the north.

Time will not permit me to go further into detail of these prophecies, but I believe a sufficient amount of proof has been presented to convince even the most skeptical of their literal fulfilment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Editor's Table.

Pertinent Counsel.

BY PRESIDENT JOHN HENRY SMITH.

At the semi-annual conference of the Church, in October last, President John Henry Smith gave some very important counsel, in his opening talk to the people. He called attention to the faithfulness of President Joseph F. Smith, and urged the Saints to live so that they also could be true to God, his people and all men, as President Smith had been true. He urged them to so conduct their walks in life that like him, at the age at which he has arrived, each of them could stand in the sacred presence of their fellowmen and declare: "I have betrayed no trust, violated no obligation, nor counseled other men so to do." After calling attention to the importance of our wonderful missionary work, and commending both men and women for their readiness to respond to missionary calls, he spoke as follows:

The Habit of Drifting.

There are a number of subjects upon which, probably, we ought to speak in this conference, and in which we are most earnestly and devotedly interested. Among them is the one in which we see evidence of the drifting away from the old habit in the formation of our settlements and establishing ourselves in the land. There is discovered to be uneasiness in some sections of the country. There are still quite a number of our brethren wandering around in the world, hunting something better beyond our settlements. They have been in most states of the Union. They have passed beyond the borders into Mexico. Some of them have gone down into the South American republics. Others of them have passed beyond the borders into Canada. They are seen on the move, looking for something and anticipating something

which never comes. After wandering around the circle, dissipating their means, and putting themselves almost in a condition of beggary, they, in many instances, are compelled to return to their mountain home, that they may be enabled to secure the necessaries of life. We have sought to stop this tendency, and to call the people to an understanding of their responsibility in caring legitimately and properly for their households, in making their homes, and preserving those homes, that their children may not be wanderers in the world. But it seems difficult to make an impression upon some minds in regard to this matter, and we feel that an effort should be made to preserve ourselves in the possession of that which we have, and to repress this spirit of wandering, wandering, and wandering, until it leads to our almost complete annihilation, as far as our happiness is concerned, and almost as far as our physical well-being is concerned.

The Glory of Our Own Land and Nation.

The United States, my friends, is good enough for me. Anywhere under that flag, within the confines of the United States, should please every American, should fill him with hope and with faith, and none of you can help but feel that hope and that faith when you stop to think, and weigh the mission of that flag in the world, and the good that has come to you and yours, and the good that has come to me and mine. From a far-off land, amidst persecution and trial, my ancestry landed upon this continent. Under our flag they have endured some hardships and some privations and tribulations. Even wrongs have been heaped upon them by the intolerance of their fellowmen; but we have yet to find one of them who feels that that flag should be lowered from the place it occupies. They feel that our country's laws should be sustained and honored by the children of the Latter-day Saints in the United States. Our place among men should be a place of honor, a place of worth, that no matter where found we should be recognized as among the most obedient, tractable and earnest observers of the laws of our country. In our perversions and the mistakes we make in our lives, we should not lay it to the flag; we should not lay it to the laws of our country. We should not lay it to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which under the

law of God is required to obey every constitutional law of this land. When we step aside from it, we assume personally the burdens and responsibility of our violations of the law. May you and I recognize our places in the great scheme of life to which we have been called by the still small voice, or by the ministration of the elders of the Church in the world outside. May we continue beneath the folds of the flag, in this glorious land, rejoicing in the fact that it floats and invites us to enjoy every blessing and right that mortal can enjoy beneath any flag in the world—and many more.

I do not wish to drift away from the thought that is in my mind upon this question of people moving from our sections of country into other sections of the land. To the east of us is one of the finest sections of the world, a place where good homes can be built, where ample water, by labor, can be secured, and where industrious men, in the course of a few years, can stand in the possession of opulence and wealth. There homes may be established and joy abound in the rearing of a family among friends and neighbors who feel, as you feel, reverence and respect for everything that is noble and good.

Children and Home.

The impress of the remarks of President Lund, in regard to the question of the guardianship of our children, should ever be held in remembrance by Latter-day Saints. Their homes should be homes of love and peace, should be homes of plenty, should be homes of prayer and devotion. They should be homes where a father, loving the right, presides in honor, and where a mother, loving the right, loving the home and all its interests, guards it and her children. There is quite a deal of carelessness and thoughtlessness in regard to the matter of the mingling together of all classes of people, especially of young people, that forebodes evil of no limited character. We should seek to change and limit that wrong, and the possibilities of that wrong. Your sons, in paying their addresses to my daughters, should pay to them the addresses of a man who is clean, and moral, and sweet in his life. The girls who receive and enjoy his companionship should recognize his worth as a man of honor, of integrity and of virtue. The

woman to whom he pays his addresses should be above reproach, or the possibility of censure in any respect as to her moral worth. When my sons go into your homes, to pay their addresses to your daughters, you should expect them to be men who are above reproach, whose honor is clean and free; who are as virtuous as maidens could be. Their hearts should be aflame with the true nobility of manhood, a love of God, love of country, love of home, love of faith, love of right, and be possessed of the dignity that should characterize genuine and true manhood, in every sense of the word.

My brethren and sisters, let us remember who we are; let us remember from whence we came; let us remember our hope in connection with this work which God has revealed, the hope in our souls, written there by the finger of God. Let us keep in mind the obligations resting upon us, that we would stand for the uplifting of the race, that we would guard manhood and require from manhood the same that has been required by the world from womanhood. We shall continue to require from the womanhood of our Church, the womanhood of our nation, a womanhood so clean and so sweet, that wherever found, the impress of the nobility of their characters will write upon the souls of men—respect, honor and devotion.

Again I welcome you to conference. Again I say to you, when you go to your homes, go with this impress upon your souls—that the Latter-day Saints love this government; that the Latter-day Saints love every truth that God has revealed; that the Latter-day Saints propose to continue to gather truth from every source in the world, and to utilize that truth, to the best of their ability, in the betterment of the human family—men, women and children alike. Let us keep up the standard of our birth, as far as it is possible for us to do so, and let us teach the women who are forfeiting their right of motherhood, and trampling in the dust that call of God, “Multiply and replenish the earth,” that they are on the road to destruction; that it means death; it means shame; it means the blotting out of the purposes of God, so far as their acts are concerned. Let us say to our own womanhood, one and all: Motherhood is her glory, and the fulfilment of the position of motherhood places her, when her mission is done, in the arms and

holding the respect of the Redeemer of the world, and God our Father—the friend and guide of us all.

Economy, Honesty and Obedience to Law.

Look carefully around, over the land; secure good homes; preserve everything of a temporal nature, and utilize it legitimately. Cease to grow in the thought of increasing extravagance and recklessness. There is a feeling of recklessness taking possession of the American people—and it reaches us—that will, from time to time, write the dishonor of the men all over the land, who are unfaithfully handling the funds of other people. Wherever a man is entrusted with the funds of a people, or of his neighbors, or friends, as a banker, as a merchant, or in any of the fields of activity where we enter to do legitimate and proper business, he should learn that those interests should be guarded more carefully and sacredly than his life. But we hear and see, upon the right hand and upon the left: This man has gone wrong, and the other man has gone wrong. This one has made a mistake. This one is in the penitentiary, in connection with these matters, and as a result of these conditions has brought himself into disgrace and shame. He has disgraced the family from which he came; he has disgraced the wife and child with whom he was associated, if he had a wife and child, and disgraced, as far as it is possible, the honor of his state and the honor of his nation. You among the “Mormon” people, can write it in your books, that the “Mormon” apostles have never counseled you to steal. They have never counseled you to lie. They have never counseled you to bear false witness against your neighbor. They have never counseled you to do wrong to your fellow—not in any sense of the word. But their instruction, from the day you were born, as you have heard their voices in these gatherings, or in other gatherings, was that the highest elements of your manhood should be developed, that you might be lifted up and prepared for the duties of life. Pay your debts, be honest, virtuous, truthful, generous, brave with unyielding courage and eternal hope, and God the Father will receive you when your mission in the world is done. They have warned you not to destroy the honor of woman. They have sought to guard you in the complete and implicit observance

of every moral rule. Every woman has been warned and rewarned by the same voices. See to it that your womanhood is guarded, and that you live in harmony with the principles of righteousness and right.

Now, my brethren and sisters, I welcome you again, and ask you to observe the rules of your Church, and you will never be far in the wrong. Observe the duties and responsibilities made incumbent upon you, and which come to you by right under the constitution and laws of your country, and you will never go far wrong. It is true we have our weaknesses, and we make our little mistakes; but the heavy burdens of crime and evil will not rest upon our shoulders. When the time shall come, we will stand accepted of our God, because we have been true to him; we have been true to one another; we have been true to the obligations into which we have entered; we have been true to the requirement given of the Lord, and with which we have had much to do and say in the times past, obeying the laws of our country, which have been decided constitutional by the courts of our country, and doing that, there will be no regrets upon our part. None of our friends will feel that we have trampled upon them, if we have walked in this right and true path.

May heaven bless every man, woman and child of our land. May the Lord bless the citizenship of our state, men of every creed and of every faith, if they obey the requirements of that faith in honor and in truth. May he bless the sons of the soil in the United States, and her daughters, that this land may present a people to the world that shall be unequalled among mankind in the future; men and women who shall be unequalled in their equipment for the duties of life; unequalled in their generosity, in their bravery, in their love of virtue, in their honor and truth, and in their sustaining of all things that mean, in manhood and womanhood, all that is noble and good. Amen.

Christmas Greeting.

To the bearers of glad tidings in every nation, on the plains, in the valleys, on the mountains, and in the islands of the seas,

who render free and loving service to their fellows in proclaiming our Redeemer's message of "Peace on earth, good will to men,"

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

To those who bear the burdens at home, waiting, watching, praying, reaching out by faith and toil to encourage and sustain the bearers of the word,

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

To the faithful officers of the Church, and to the Saints in the wards and stakes of Zion, in quorums and auxiliary organizations, who, without complaint or financial recompense, counsel, direct, teach, and render help in the temporal troubles and mental anxieties of their brethren and sisters,

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

To the patient toilers in mine, office, mart, in forest, field and farm, whose brain and brawn are the backbone of the nations' material progress; and to their brethren and sisters, the skilful artisans and learned men and women of the professions, the trainers of our youth, all teaching that labor is the joyful music of happiness and progress,

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

To the fathers and mothers, often misunderstood and unappreciated, unceasingly planning, working and worrying, for the good of their sometimes wayward children, hoping that the future may dawn with healing recompense,

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

To the young men and women, full of vigor and strength, standing at the wings of the stage of life; with earnest impatience to enter the uncertain storm of action, but full of hope and determination to perform an honorable part in the great drama of life,

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

To the veterans, the founders, pioneers and builders of our commonwealth, whose sun of life is setting, who are patiently waiting for the summons beyond, with firm confidence in the Master's promise, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,"

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

To the patriotic officers of city, state and nation, to parents, kinsmen, friends, rich and poor, to all, young and old, struggling upward and onward in the paths of service, the cheer and peace of Christ rest upon you; to all

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Importance of the Priesthood and its Keys.

At a recent priesthood meeting, President Joseph F. Smith answered a question asked by one of the brethren who wished to know what is meant by priesthood, and keys of the priesthood, in these words:

The priesthood that we hold is of the greatest importance, because it is the authority and power of God. It is authority from heaven that has been restored to men upon the earth in the latter-days, through the ministration of an angel from God, who came with authority to bestow this power and this priesthood upon men.

I say that the priesthood who are the agents of our heavenly Father, hold the keys of the ministering of angels. What is a key? It is the right or privilege which belongs to and comes with the priesthood, to have communication with God. Is not that a key? Most decidedly. We may not enjoy the blessing, or key, very much, but the key is in the priesthood. It is the right to enjoy the blessing of communication with the heavens, and the privilege and authority to administer in the ordinances of the gospel of Jesus Christ, to preach the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins. That is a key. You who hold the priesthood have the key or the authority, the right, the power or privilege to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, which is the gospel of repentance and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins—a mighty important thing, I tell you. There isn't a minister of any church upon all of God's footstool today, so far as we know, except in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, who has the keys or the authority to enjoy the ministration of angels. There isn't one of them that possesses that priesthood. But here we ordain boys who are

scarcely in their teens, some of them, to that priesthood which holds the keys of the ministering of angels and of the gospel of repentance and baptism by immersion for the remission of sins. There is not a minister anywhere else in the world, I repeat, who possesses these keys or this priesthood or power, or that right. Why? Because they have not received the gospel, nor have they received that priesthood by the laying on of hands by those having authority to confer it.

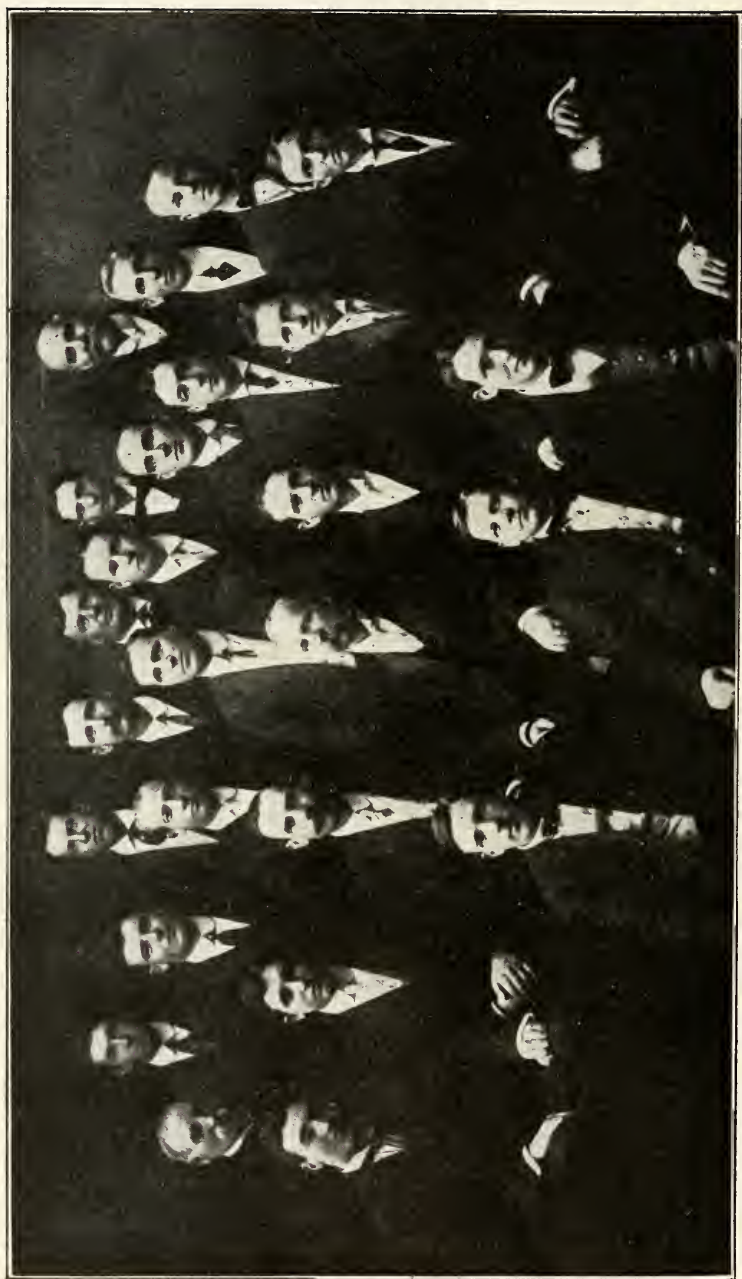
The splendid steel engraving of the Prophet Joseph Smith, in this number, appeared first in *Americana* in the *History of the Mormon Church*, by B. H. Roberts.

Messages from the Missions.

ELDERS IN COMPANY T, NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.



Left to right: Victor Austin, William F. Butterfield, Morris Tanner and Vivian Snow. These elders write that President Howell has had the elders working in the smaller cities in companies. It has proved quite a success, so far. "We have finished tracting Franklin and Franklin Falls, and are now in Tilton, New Hampshire. We have a number of friends in each place. Lately one of the elders had the privilege of explaining suffrage in Utah, before a large audience in Social Hall. The Lord is blessing us in numerous ways.

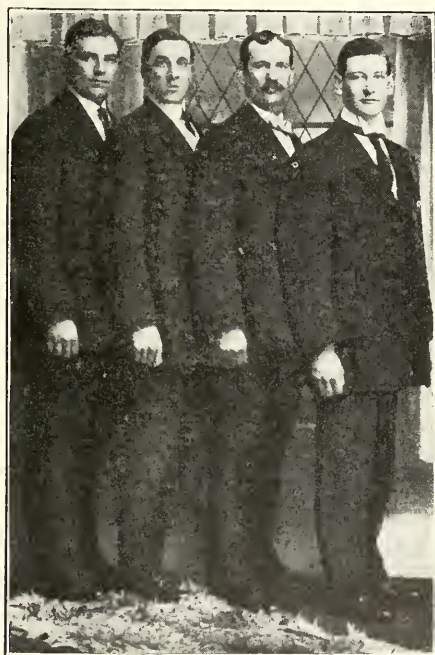


NOTTINGHAM CONFERENCE, SEPTEMBER 4, 1910.

B. Kerr, J. Read, M. H. Shaw, F. C. Clark, T. S. Wheatley, C. B. Gunnell, Wm. Greenwood. Second row: J. T. Hales, James Palmer, I. Jacob, C. R. Cluff, J. Y. Peterson, T. F. Winterton, N. J. Beckstrand, R. V. Harmon. Third row: H. E. King, F. W. Brown, D. W. Grover, (President of Conference) Rudger Clawson, (President of European Mission) S. N. Lee, (Editor of *Millennial Star*) C. T. Ward, (Clerk of Conference)
C. R. Welling. Front row: P. D. Peters, B. L. Murphy, J. H. Goddard.

President D. W. Grover of the Nottingham Conference, England, writes, under date of October 18, enclosing a group of elders of that conference, including President Rudger Clawson of the European mission, and states further: "We have just closed a very successful half-year, with an increase in all lines of our work. Our baptisms have been nearly as many as the total number of last year. There is bright prospect for a good harvest of souls for the next six months."

Elder E. Davis, of Belfast, Ireland, in enclosing this picture of the four largest elders laboring in the Irish Conference, adds: "The work of



ELDERS OF THE IRISH CONFERENCE.

From left to right: H. R. Merrill, Preston, Idaho—height 6 ft. 4 in., weight 245 lbs. V. J. Danielson, Independence, Mo.—height 6 ft. 3 in., weight 178 lbs. E. Davis, Waterloo, Salt Lake City—height 6 ft. 3 in., weight 210 lbs. J. M. McMurdie, Paradise, Utah—height 6 ft. 3 in., weight 204 lbs.

Our street-meeting season has been a most pleasant one. Large

the Lord is progressing in Ireland. As the people become more acquainted with the principles of the gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints, they see more clearly that the slanderous stories, spoken and published against our people, are based on falsehood and misrepresentation. They begin to realize the importance of our message, and can also see that prophets are needed in this day and age to bring men to a unity of the faith. The confusion existing among the sects of so-called Christendom has led the people to see the need of prophets, that they may be made one in Christ, as Christ is one with the Father; also they see that thus they may receive spiritual food. Our meetings are well attended, and a larger place of worship is now required.

crowds listen to our message. Though we meet with some opposition, we feel to rejoice, for it causes people to investigate, and proves to be a blessing in disguise. The elders have their hearts and souls centered in the work, and they rejoice in their testimony which they bear to the children of men. Their prayer is, 'God speed the work throughout the nations of the earth.'"



COMPANY A, EAST KANSAS ELDERS.

Left to right: Elders Ben T. Helm, Salt Lake City, William H. Duffin, Provo, Utah; Philander Packer, Franklin, John F. Miller, St. Anthony, Willis Teeples, Goshen, Idaho; President C. R. Christensen, East Kansas Conference, Monticello, O. T. Harmon, Price Utah; S. C. Adams, Bunkerville, Nevada.

Elder O. T. Harmon has been called to preside over the St. Johns Conference. The elders are doing a good work, and have had good success in distributing the Book of Mormon.

President Andreas Peterson, of the Swedish mission, writing to C. A. Carlson, from Stockholm, October 26, says that since the 15th of September, when he landed in Gothenburg, until the 25th October, he had traveled over 3,325 miles in Sweden, to bear witness to the gospel message. He had held forty-one meetings, including Sunday schools and priesthood meetings; and had richly enjoyed the Spirit of the Lord. He remarks further that at no other time in his experience in that land had the priests and press spoken and written so much against the Latter-day Saints as they now speak and write. The leading churchmen of the Lutheran church at Stockholm, a week prior to his writing, in one of the gatherings of the officials of that church, had suggested sending a petition to the king, providing that not only foreign "Mormons," but even Swedish citizens who are Latter-day Saints be exiled from the country. The suggestion was unanimously adopted by the priests in the gathering. What the result will be, time will show. "We are all, however, in the hands of God," he adds.

Priesthood Quorums' Table.

Seventies' Year Book Postponed.—*To the Presidents and Members of the Quorums of Seventy:* DEAR BRETHREN—It becomes necessary to announce to you a postponement in issuing the Seventies' Fourth Year Book. The reason arises from two considerations: first, very many of the quorums will not have completed the Third Year Book, by the first of the year, and will have plenty of matter, both for private study and class work, for at least two or three months of the new year, 1911. The other reason for postponement is that Elder Roberts, who is preparing the Fourth Year Book, on *The Atonement*, informs the Council that it will be necessary to have more time to complete the work, as he desires not to mar the great theme of the Fourth Year Book—*The Atonement*—by too much haste. The council agrees with him in these views, that is, that time enough should be allowed to complete the subject to his satisfaction.

In view of these circumstances, it is decided not to issue the Fourth Year Book until the 1st of March, and we are urging upon each quorum to take steps to thoroughly complete the Third Year Book. Where the quorums will have completed the book by the first of the year, we suggest that they review what, in their judgment, would be the most important parts of the subject, and amplify their studies on those parts, until the Fourth Year Book is ready, about March 1, 1911.

As many new members are being ordained into the quorums this fall and winter, we call the attention of the presidents to the necessity of having these new members, in each case, supplied with a complete set of the year books. No. 1 is very important, because it contains a division which treats of the Organization and Duties of the Seventy, also their place in the Church organization. The other four parts of the First Year Book give a survey and an analysis of all the scriptures which a seventy must be familiar with and use in his work. The Second Year Book is an outline History of the Dispensations of the Gospel, and the Third Year Book deals with the Conception of God Among all Nations and

Races of Men; while the Fourth Year Book will treat of the great doctrine of the Atonement. All seventies should be supplied with these books from first to last, and especially should all incoming elders be urged to obtain a complete set for their private study and reading, so that they may catch up with the back work of their quorums.

It would also be greatly to the advantage of the First Council if subscriptions were taken in advance for the year book number 4, and we hereby urge the presidents to send in all such subscriptions, that we may avoid the unpleasantness and difficulty of sending out year books only to have many of them returned. Trusting that you will be prompt in attending to all these instructions, and in imparting this information to the members of your quorums by having this communication read to them in quorum meetings, and also reminding you of our seventy's slogan, which we trust is not being forgotten—*"To become a Seventy means mental activity, intellectual development, and the attainment of spiritual power."* We remain your brethren in the gospel,

SEYMOUR B. YOUNG,

In behalf of the First Council of the Seventy.

What a Teachers' Quorum Could Do.—The teachers' quorum in a ward should make itself popular. The power to make itself so is easily possessed by the twenty-four young men belonging if they will but work to that end. What is there that could stand against twenty-four young men in their teens, who resolve to be one in purpose, to do their part as real teachers, according to the order of Christ's Church? These results can be reached by them: 1. Meet once a week. 2. Study the duties of your calling. 3. Minister in those duties. 4. Act in all ward privileges. 5. Bear testimony to truths learned in gatherings of the Church. 6. Prepare for future responsibilities. 7. Pride yourselves with the possession of a knowledge of God. 8. Cultivate faith and reliance in God. 9. Stand without reproach, and put to shame a defiler of virtue. 10. Be inspired to save souls.

Let us ask again, could not twenty-four young men, in any ward in Zion, so do? Could they not reap abundant pleasure and have the inward joy that would so popularize their lives and quorum, that others, seeing it, would say, "That crowd I wish to join; as they are, I wish to become?"—L. E. EGGERTSON, of the Ogden Stake High Council.

Mutual Work.

A Day for Recreation.

At the M. I. A. convention held in Preston, Idaho, September 18, 1910, the young men passed the following resolution:

The Y. M. M. I. A. officers of Oneida stake feel the need of the promotion of clean athletics, and

Whereas, Every young man needs some wholesome recreation, which he cannot obtain unless means are provided, and

Whereas, The time so devoted should be made interesting and profitable, and

Whereas, Athletic sports cannot be successfully promoted unless a uniform time is devoted to them, be it resolved that,

As stake and ward officers we earnestly urge the setting aside of Saturday afternoon throughout the stake for this purpose, and pledge ourselves to work to this end in our respective wards. It being understood that this resolution does not apply where young men or young ladies are engaged during the week in school work where the needed recreation is obtained.

Ask Yourselves.

Now is the time for the stake superintendent and the ward president to ask questions: Have you organized the necessary committees? Are they working? Have you competent, boy-loving, active teachers? Is the class order good? Are you well-informed of the work outlined and suggested by the committees of the general board? Are all your members supplied with manuals? Is the canvass for the ERA finished? What activities are you providing? Have you chosen debaters, selected a subject, and arranged for one or more debates? Are you using members of the junior class for story-telling in your preliminary programs? Is your enrollment what it should be? Is your missionary committee working? How about a concert and a drama this season? Are you going to have a stake M. I. A. day next spring or summer, to have a good social time, to exhibit the best in oratory, essays, athletics, games, stories, etc? Have you a set of the reading course, and is it put to use? Are you busy doing something? Have you succeeded in making all your officers busy? Are you meeting regularly as officers, and working unitedly to a common purpose in all things?

Passing Events.

Salt Lake City's population is officially announced as 92,777, and the county at 131,426, an increase in the city, since 1900, of 39,246, or 73 per cent; the county population in 1900 was 77,725.

David Bennett Hill, formerly governor of New York, and afterwards senator from that state, died October 20, age 67 years. He became lieutenant-governor in 1882, serving until 1885; and was governor from 1885 to 1891, and United States senator from 1891 to 1897. He was candidate for the nomination for president in the national Democratic convention in 1892.

The Portuguese Republic has been formally recognized by the governments of Switzerland and Brazil. On October 18, the provincial government decreed the abolishment of the house of Peers, Council of State and titles of nobility, banished the Braganza dynasty and secularized charitable institutions. Considerable difficulty is experienced by the monks and nuns who were driven out of Portugal, in finding refuge in other countries. Spain will not entertain any of them who are not nationally Spanish.

Postal savings banks are being established, according to the order of Congress, in forty-eight second-class postoffices throughout the nation, one in each state and territory. In these offices the system will have a trial. Provo has been designated in Utah for this purpose. The idea seems to be popular, and numerous applications from all parts of the country, for the establishment of savings banks, have come in, but as Congress appropriated only \$100,000 for all the expenses of equipment, engraving, printing, etc., it has been impossible to make an experiment, so far, upon a large scale.

Julia Ward Howe, reformer, philanthropist and distinguished poet, died October 17, 1910, age 91 years. She is best remembered by her famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," but was the author of sev-

eral volumes of verse, besides *The Life of Margaret Fuller*, *Essays on Modern Society*, *Reminiscences* and other prose writings. For forty years she was a leader in the movement of women suffrage, and was actively interested in the promotion of peace. She frequently lectured and enjoyed a wide acquaintance with men and women of letters. She was the wife of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, and shared his interest in the cause of anti-slavery.

The battleship "Maine," the blowing up of which was the immediate cause of the opening of the Spanish-American war, in May, 1898, is to be raised from the Havana harbor, and army engineers have been given charge of the work. A representative of Spain is to be present. Few believe that any authorized representative of Spain planned or executed the explosion which destroyed the warship, and recently one of the generals of the army stated that the Cuban insurgents blew up the battleship to precipitate and facilitate the war between the United States and Spain. Whether this is true or not, it is hoped that when the wreck is uncovered the full truth will be disclosed.

China's progress is marked by the second great step toward the establishment of free institutions in that country. The first was the convention of the provincial assemblies a year ago, and on the 3rd of October, this year, the second great step was taken by the opening of the National Assembly at Peking, by Prince Regent Chung, who declared, in a brief address, that the wish of the people was for parliamentary government, and urged the representatives to labor to this end. In the new assembly are two hundred members, one hundred of whom are royal princes and nobles, literati and rich men. The remainder are elected by provincial assemblies. The present program contemplates a general parliament in 1915.

The November elections resulted nationally in a victory for the Democratic party in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut and other Eastern States. The Republican majority of 43 in the House of Representatives was wiped out, giving the Democrats a safe working majority of about 29; while in the Senate the Republicans will have a reduced majority after the legislative elections are held in the states. In Utah the Republican general ticket won by large majorities in all the counties except Washington. D. N. Straup, as justice of the supreme court, was elected over Charles C. Richards, and Joseph Howell over Ferdinand Erickson, for Congress, by a majority of about 18,000. Senator Sutherland will doubtless be returned to the Senate. Salt Lake county went Republican by a comfortable number; the city went

“American” by a small plurality, that party electing a justice of the peace and a constable. The campaign was marked with considerable acrimony, the question of prohibition being the cause of most of the ill feeling. Two Democratic senators, and seven members of the lower house of the legislature were elected.

One cent letter postage is what the postmaster-general is credited with having promised the United States in the near future. The postoffice department, according to figures recently made public, is rapidly approaching a state of complete self-support. The deficit of the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1910, was only a little over five million dollars, as against seventeen million dollars the year before. When the receipts are equal to the expenditures, Congress will be in a mood, undoubtedly, to facilitate the transaction of business by reducing the rate of letter postage to one cent. The experience in the past is that every reduction in letter postage has been followed by a larger increase in the postal receipts, more letters being written where the postage is lower. In 1792, the rate of postage was six cents for a distance under thirty miles, and twenty-five cents for 450 miles or more. In 1845, the rate was reduced to five cents for 300 miles, and ten cents for a greater distance, for half ounce letters. In 1851, it was again reduced to three cents for 3,000 miles or less. The last reduction to two cents was made in 1883, when the allowable weight was increased to one ounce. In early days the government receipts in the postoffice department were much less than in a modern city of 25,000 inhabitants. In 1792, all told, there were less than 200 postoffices in this country, whereas now they are numbered by the tens of thousands, and turn over to the treasury department every year about \$250,000,000.

Crossing the Atlantic in an airship was attempted by Walter Wellman and five companions who left Atlanta City on October 15, in the airship *America*. The following morning the airship passed Nantuckett, but, encountering diverse winds, it was carried out of its course, and after traveling about 1,750 miles, and being in the air about seventy hours, the crew abandoned the ship about 300 miles off Cape Hatteras, and was taken on the steamer *Trent*, bound for New York.

“**Siam** made remarkable progress under the enlightened rule of King Chula Longkorn, who died late in October. One of his early teachers was an American woman, and he had a great admiration for this country. Among his many reforms he abolished slavery, wisely declaring that the welfare of the land is impossible when the principle of equality is absent.”

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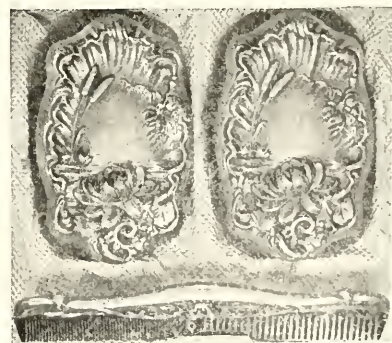
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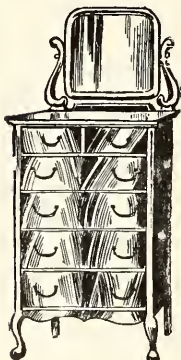
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Have You Canvassed your ward for the ERA? If not, why not do it today?. Send the lists soon as possible after obtaining subscriptions. Several splendid articles are crowded out of this number, but will appear later, with other excellent matter waiting for room.

O Yes; the M. I. A. Fund. It's 25 cents for each member of the association. Have you paid yours? Even if you don't attend, hand the boys a quarter; it will be put to good use, and you will feel better. Officers should distribute the envelopes, and forward funds to the general office without delay.

Elder J. David Stevensen, under date of November 9, writes from Layton, Utah: "While on my recent mission, the ERA was one of my help-mates, and was greatly appreciated. I gained much useful information from it, and am doing what I can in the M. I. A. to get the ERA into every home. I wish you success."

Henry C. Blunck, Herbert, Idaho, writes, October 16: "There are single articles in the ERA worth more than the subscription price of the magazine. We always welcome the ERA in our home. It has a tendency to uplift us and inspire us to live noble lives. I say this sincerely and earnestly. Money spent for subscriptions to the IMPROVEMENT ERA is well and profitably spent."

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Belfast, Ireland, Oct. 18, 1910.—We ever look forward to the monthly appearance of the ERA with joy and pleasure. It is a whole library in itself, and many friends and investigators express their delight in perusing its contents, which are food for thought continually. In my mountain home can be found the bound volumes of the ERA from the beginning, which I regard as priceless; far beyond value in dollars and cents. I ever wish it success, and hope it will find a home in every household.—Elder Elijah Davis.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, DECEMBER, 1910.

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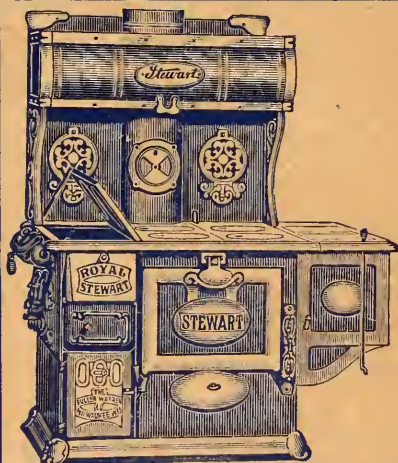
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